The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVIII | New York, Saturday, April 5, 1919 | Number 231

Contents

Editorial Notes 288

Leading Editorials
- The Test of Events 290
- Shall Germany be Allowed to Trade? 294
- The Let Down 296
- The Nation Attacks the Covenant 298

General Articles
- Mr. Burleson, Unionizer ..... William Hard 299
- The Silent Woman ..... Alice Duer Miller 301
- Loquacious Man ..... F. H. 302
- The Nonpartisan League ..... A. K. Horwill 303
- The Undying Fire ..... H. G. Wells 306
- The Funeral (Verse) ..... Carolyn C. Wilson 310
- Zionism: Democracy or Prussianism ..... H. M. Kallen 311

Correspondence 313

Books and Things ..... P. L. 314

Reviews of Books
- Freedom at the Crossroads ..... F. H. 315
- Carl Sandburg ..... Edith Franklin Wyatt 316
- An Employer Speaks ..... H. J. L. 317
- The Brontë Centenary ..... M. A. 318

AS this paper goes to press there is evidence that Mr. George and Mr. Wilson have asserted themselves, and have avoided a violation of the obligations assumed in the armistice. Had this been done in December, as it might well have been, the ability of the Peace Conference to organize peace would not be so doubtful as it now is. On the latest estimate, three months and probably four have been wasted over the simple question of whether the armistice was or was not a scrap of paper. This central difficulty has exasperated all the others. The statesmen of Paris have been divided and exhausted on an issue which never should have arisen among men who regarded as binding their own written promises. Time and energy which might have gone to the large and varied task of rehabilitation have been dribbled into quarrels about the question of good faith. There is in all history no greater example of the squandering of the golden moment, of the petty waste of a supreme opportunity. All it required was leadership, and leadership was thrust upon Mr. Wilson from every quarter. Instead of using it boldly, he permitted himself to be manoeuvred into secret conferences where he was muffled and his strength dissipated. He shows some signs of breaking out of this position. There are at the same time no less obvious signs that Mr. Lloyd George is beginning to remember that he too was once a leader of men.

THE New York Times of April 1st publishes an article by Dr. Frank Bohn describing the failure at Paris. It arose from the "refusal to accept responsibility for the rehabilitation of Russia, the Central Empires and the Balkans. It is not enough to send food and good advice. What has been needed all along is kindly and constant help in political and economic reorganization. Large and efficient commissions, composed of persons who understood those whom they went to help, should have been sent to every capital and large city of Central and Eastern Europe . . . but Paris has lacked the vision, the knowledge, and the organized personnel even to begin this task with any hope of success." All of this is true except that the explanation is not adequate. There are plenty of men at Paris with the vision and the knowledge who are available. Paris is flooded with personnel crying to be relieved of idleness and boredom. The trouble lies a good deal deeper. It lies, first, in the inability to transcend the hatreds of the war and the panic about Russia; second, in a long series of sordid wrangles about the financing of assistance; third, in the persistent attempt to use the impotence of Central and Eastern Europe for ingenious and elaborate adventures in the balance of power; fourth, in the adherence to the economic superstition that poverty in two-thirds of Europe could be used to restore prosperity in the rest; fifth, in the lack of perspective which kept the secret treaties in the forefront of all discussion.

ACCORDING to recent cables from Paris, the British government now emphatically prefers the immediate inclusion of Germany in the League

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Nations. If this is true, British statesmen, as compared with the statesmen of other nations, are showing their usual good sense and their usual grasp of realities. In so far as the western European democracies still need any protection against Germany, they will obtain it in largest measure, not by excluding Germany from the League, but by admitting her into the League at the earliest possible moment. As long as she is not bound by the obligations of the League, she is free to intrigue for the purpose of undermining its strength and taking advantage of the dissensions among its members; and she will have the more reason to intrigue because her exclusion from the society of nations deprives her of any participation in the common fund of security and good feeling. Her compulsory disarmament, desirable as it is, will not render her politically impotent. For political power depends not only on available military force, but on latent resources, upon the disunity of the opposition and upon ability to impress or persuade popular opinion. The best way to sterilize this German political power is to bring her into the League as soon as the German government signs the treaty of peace.

A PROLONGED period of probation during which the German nation will neither enjoy the security nor share the responsibility of the members of the League would tend to mould the Germans into less rather than more trustworthy political associates. If the Allies assign to Germany the social position of an outlaw, the psychology and collective morale of her people will become, or, if you please, will remain that of outlaws. The psychologically sound method of preventing such a calamity and of avoiding the permanent schism which it would introduce into European civilization is to give her a position in the society of nations commensurate with the necessary political importance of the German nation in a stable European system. Then if she misbehaved, her associates would have impregnable moral and political reasons for putting her in irons. Those reasons in spite of Germany's past sins do not exist to the same extent now. For, as we have so frequently insisted, a nation which is liable to punishment in the name of social justice should also be able to appeal to social justice for her protection. Before the war the public law of Europe afforded to nations no security against injustice, and they too frequently took justice into their own hands. But a League of Nations in so far as it provides protection against injustice will be entitled to punish offenses against public right. If Germany is admitted into a League which protects her rights to the same extent as it protects those of other nations, she will have every inducement to keep from being outlawed. If she is not admitted, she will have no inducement except the fear of punishment which will be difficult to inflict just in so far as the penalty fails of an impeccable moral justification.

EX-SENATOR ROOT'S letter to Chairman Hays about the Covenant for a League of Nations appears to please both sides. Those who favor a League of Nations declare that in spite of his criticisms and his proposed amendments he will as the result of his intervention have strengthened the standing of the Covenant in American public opinion. On the other hand, Senator Borah asserts that the criticisms and particularly the amendment which calls for the reservation by the United States of the Monroe Doctrine is really fatal to the Covenant. In our opinion, Senator Borah is right. Mr. Root while superficially arguing in favor of a League of Nations has proposed amendments which in their effect would deprive the Covenant of any vitality, any endurance or any sufficient reason for existence. Notwithstanding his approval of certain provisions of the Covenant against which other critics have protested, and partly because of his apparent disinterestedness and good faith, he dealt the Paris Covenant the deadliest blow which it has as yet received at the hands of any one American. We cannot justify the opinion in a paragraph, but we shall try to justify it more at length in a later issue of the New Republic.

UNDER its new Attorney-General the Department of Justice has had the grace to admit its mistake, and reversed the practice of using amateur detectives and self-appointed censors. Says Mr. Palmer in a statement issued on March 31st: "Espionage conducted by private individuals or organizations is entirely at variance with our theories of government, and its operation in any community constitutes a grave menace to that feeling of public confidence which is the chief force making for the maintenance of good order." The hysterical individuals who spent the period of the war seeing spooks, searching for heresy, and discovering gun-emplacements on every tennis court did an incalculable amount of damage. They were what Mr. Roosevelt described as "Meddlesome Matties," and it is refreshing to know that the country is to be relieved of their services. In selecting a man for Attorney-General who realizes this, Mr. Wilson has made progress in repairing some of the mischief committed in his name. Nevertheless, it is still his move. Mr. Burleson is still with us and has not the faintest conception of what is and what is not at variance with the American theory of government.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BELA KUN, Soviet foreign minister of Hungary, is not deeply concerned over the prospect that Czecho-Slovak, Jugo-Slav and Rumanian annexations may cut more deeply into Hungarian territory than the principle of nationality would justify. "We take our stand upon a platform of universal brotherhood and do not attach great importance to frontier questions." The more illogical the national frontiers, the less the chance that Europe can ever be thoroughly stabilized on the basis of the democratic national state. The French democratic state will be weakened by every unit of German territory absorbed; the Italian democratic state will be weakened by every extension into territory prevailingly Jugo-Slavic; Rumania's back will be broken if she takes on too many Magyars and Germans; Poland will return to chaos if she plunges into speculation in German, Ukrainian and Lithuanian soil. Since the Bolsheviki are not powerful enough at present to overthrow the national democratic state, it is logical that they should welcome the activity of the imperialists who are doing their best to weaken it.

THE French have the best right in the world to demand compensation for the wrecking of their coal mines by the Germans, and there is no reason why part of this compensation should not take the form of the annual delivery of an amount of coal equivalent to what the mines would have produced if they had been left intact, with a deduction for what it would have cost the French to raise that coal. Such an indemnification, however, would not have reconciled Clemenceau to the abandonment of his cherished project of annexing the Saar valley. He wanted the Saar valley because the French coal mines, even when restored, can not produce coal enough of the right quality to smelt the iron ore of Alsace Lorraine. With the Saar valley left in German hands, either the French will have to buy coal of Germany or they will have to sell their ore to Germany. Coal and iron are joined by nature; should they be put asunder by political frontiers? That is the argument on which the German industrial Junkers, in the days of their false hopes, based their demand that the French iron district of Briey should be annexed to Germany. At that time the whole Allied world proclaimed the German project of annexation as evidence of fathomless political immorality. Just because they possessed coal, were they entitled to another nation's iron? At present shall we say, just because the French have the iron they are entitled to another nation's coal? If we do, we admit that our righteous indignation of four years ago had a large element of cant and propaganda.

The Test of Events

THROUGHOUT the war, before American participation in it as well as after, the New Republic in its discussion of the issues guided its course by the light of one fixed principle. We insisted upon the fundamentally political and moral significance of the controversy between Germany and her opponents, upon the clash of political ideas and of moral outlook which was incarnated in the clash of industrial and military systems. In this we were not, it is scarcely necessary to add, exhibiting any extraordinary originality. We were merely accepting the major premise of the pro-Ally war propaganda which had proclaimed from the start the superior political righteousness of the Allied cause and its inseparable connection with the cause of popular liberty and human progress.

In its interpretation of this principle the New Republic was less orthodox. None of the governments of the nations allied against Germany, except that of America and toward the end of Great Britain, considered that the people who were fighting a war in the declared interest of popular liberty and world civilization assumed political responsibilities and needed methods of political promotion different from those who were fighting on behalf of national imperialism. In opposition to this view the New Republic followed the lead of the labor parties in France and England and deduced from the political and moral superiority of the Allied cause the need of safeguarding its success by scrupulous loyalty to a non-imperialistic and democratic political strategy and by the frank and persistent use of the powerful political weapons placed in their hands by the superior strength of their moral standards. Unremitting and intense military and economic pressure was indispensable until Germany yielded, but the Allies, just in so far as they were fighting to vindicate the politics of liberalism and democracy and the cause of human progress as well as to beat Germany, were in honor bound to supplement such pressure with a political attack against the German morale based on the promise to safeguard in the final settlement the permanent interests of the German people as a possible future democracy. Only in this way could they win the greater political victory, whose consummation depended upon the domination in the counsels of the Allied nations of the democratic politics of equal justice, conciliation and consent.

The New Republic's departure in this respect from the orthodox official attitude proved to be unpopular. During the period of fighting there was not a bureau of propaganda in any of the Allied countries which admitted that, in a war fought for the declared benefit of political righteousness and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human progress, complete military victory would not destroy all the serious obstacles to complete political victory. They agreed with M. Clemenceau in proclaiming military victory as the one sufficient war aim of the Allies. If the Allied armies were triumphant, their governments could quickly negotiate a treaty of peace which would translate the triumph into solid and enduring political institutions. And in spite of the dissent of a few statesmen and journals, in spite of the practice by President Wilson of the opposite theory, the press and the vocal popular opinion agreed with M. Clemenceau and the official propaganda. The New Republic, because it emphasized the need of organizing and promoting political as distinct from military victory, and to that end persisted in keeping alive a discussion of the obstacles to political victory and the best methods of obtaining it, became the victim of a flood of misinterpretation, calumny and abuse. Our critics accused us of being impractical intellectuals, of proposing to win a war with words or of actually aiding and abetting the "Hun." They included in the same condemnation a journal like the New Republic which accepted and preached the major premise of the Allied war propaganda, which supported every political and economic measure demanded by military victory, and journals like the Call and the Liberator which denounced as a hypocritical pretense the claim by the Allies of political and moral superiority to Germany.

The time has now come when any readers who may have accepted in part or as a whole the charge which was aimed at the New Republic of being over-intellectual or impracticable or downright disloyal to the Allied cause can test the truth of the charge. The Allied armies assisted by the blockade won as complete a military victory as the coalition of Europe did against the France of Napoleon. Their enemies lie prostrate at their feet, impotent to oppose their will with armed resistance and dependent on the Allied governments for the very means of subsistence and for their chance of future recovery. If, as M. Clemenceau said, military victory was the one sufficient Allied war aim, or if, as one of our critics echoed, the winning of a military victory would furnish "all the facts upon which to work out a permanent solution," the Peace Conference should not have run into any insuperable difficulties in devising an enduring settlement which would give security to small nations, safeguard popular liberty and provide a political equivalent for the armed victory of civilization over Prussian barbarism. Yet what is the political result of this overwhelming military victory? Divided counsels, interminable delays, recriminations, intrigue, paralysis of will on the part of the pacifiers of Europe, and misery, unrest, frustration and distracting uncertainty in the hearts of its people. Allied military victory, instead of being easily transformable into substantial political safeguards for human liberty and progress, is at present offering to the peoples of Europe and America a Hobson's choice between reaction and revolution.

Perhaps our readers may consider the foregoing description of the political fruits of military victory an exaggeration. Let us search, then, for some corroboration. Among the American newspapers, the N. Y. Tribune was perhaps most valiant in proclaiming the political sufficiency of a complete military victory and in pouring abuse and contempt upon the spineless patriots who proposed to win the war with words. On March 29th that newspaper printed a Paris dispatch from Mr. Frank H. Simonds which concludes a gloomy review of the progress of the Peace Conference with these words: "It should be recognized in America that the conference of peace is within two steps of failure, that the decisions which it is still unable to make may be beyond its power to enforce, when, if ever, they are made." "There is," Mr. Simonds says, "no common objective, no one dominating influence, nothing but four men representing four different countries with totally different visions and necessities, trying to accommodate living facts in this sad world of ours, alike to the abstract principles of the League of Nations, and to the hopelessly concrete promises of the Prime Ministers of England, France and Italy." "The utter paralysis of will and the utter absence of common policy in Paris are permitting Bolshevism to gain provinces every week." "There is now at least a possibility that within the next three months Bolshevism will overrun all Europe" and that "despair in the Allied nations over the failure of the Peace Conference to make peace and thus give at least a measure of recompense to millions of men and women for the supreme agony of this war may lead the people in the presence of a new war to an act of greater folly."

The critics of the New Republic will presumably blame President Wilson for what is now happening in Europe. If he had not imposed upon the Allies his ambiguous fourteen points and insisted on pseudo-idealistic notions about doing justice to a vanquished enemy, the conferees would quickly have reached an agreement and bestowed peace and confidence on Europe. They would have written a settlement determined exclusively on the idea of perpetuating military victory by keeping Germany, Hungary, Austria, Turkey and Russia permanently impotent. As long as these nations were impotent they would never dare to protest against any indemnities or any loss of territory, population or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural resources which their victors agreed to inflict upon them. They would be not only vanquished but conquered in the sense that their victorious enemies would not consult them about the disposition of their possessions or about the foundations of their future political, economic and social lives. This is substantially the programme whereby the French and their American imitators are still proposing to translate a complete military victory into a " victoire intégrale " for popular liberty and human progress.

But it is only too apparent that President Wilson is not essentially or chiefly to blame for the political indecision and the moral distraction now prevailing in Paris. If America had never entered the war, or if she had entered it without any independent definition of political purpose on the part of the American government, it would still be true of the conference of victors that the decisions which it is unable to make would be beyond its power to enforce when, if ever, they are made. The difficulty does not consist merely in the incompatibility between the " abstract principles " of the League of Nations and the " hopelessly concrete promises " of the Allied premiers. It consists in the impossibility of constructing a stable European system out of the stuff provided by the promises of the European victors, otherwise known as the secret treaties, which are not only " hopelessly concrete " but hopelessly anarchic. It derives from the incorrigible hostility between those " concrete promises " and the major premise of pro-Ally war propaganda. On the basis of the treaties, the political fruits of Allied victory would have nothing to do with an increase of popular liberty and an acceleration of human progress. The people of Europe endured and were asked to endure the " supreme agony " of the war in the expectation of a permanent release from the worst of their past burdens and of an advance in the direction of permanent pacification. A peace based on the redemption of those " concrete promises " supplemented by the French programme of a permanent conquest of the vanquished nations would, as the European peoples very well know, be equivalent to the attempted organization of international anarchy and would thwart the popular craving for individual and social amelioration.

The nations whose governments uttered these " hopelessly concrete promises " and the nations which expect either to profit or to lose from carrying out the promises are as divided among themselves as they are from America. The Rumanian treaty is offensive not only to legitimate Hungarian national susceptibilities but to those of Serbia. The Italian treaty is objectionable to the Jugoslavs and the Greeks no less than to the Austrians. The expedients whereby the new nations of Central Europe propose to safeguard their political and economic independence—that is by appropriating contiguous material resources, running arbitrary corridors to a sea-port, irrespective of the interests of the inhabitants of the territory, and by acquiring for the benefit of the dominant nationality political sovereignty over the maximum number of neighboring peoples—these expedients imply a political organization of Central Europe as imperialistic as the one which preceded the war and more troubled. France and Italy, the two nations which agree in trying to organize Europe on the old principle of competition for preponderance in power, have their own contentions as to the way in which the power should be distributed. The result of the conflict between them and of the conflicts among the new nations would be the formation soon after the peace was signed of a new group of competing alliances. Finally, even though the English government did secretly commit the English people to " hopelessly concrete " and hopelessly disintegrating promises, the organized English wage-earners would insist on repudiating both the contract and any treaty of peace which embodied them. After the vague but equally solemn promises made to the British working classes by their own government during the war, they would consider themselves cheated by such a suicidal and hypocritical method of translating military victory into political victory.

President Wilson and his " abstract principles " are not to blame, consequently, for the political anarchy which has followed " la victoire intégrale." The disintegration is born of the refusal of the Allied governments during the war to discuss and agree upon a statement of peace terms, which they would carry out in the event of complete military victory, and which would avail to convert such a victory into an equally complete political equivalent. At the last moment they did indeed accept the fourteen points, as the foundation of political principle upon which they would rear the structure of peace, but they did so without apparently taking this more definite obligation any more seriously than they had the vaguer obligation implied by the major premise of the pro-Ally propaganda. Great Britain excepted, they are still laboring and fighting to legalize the contradictory promises embodied in the secret treaties; and even where no such promises bind them they are persistently trying to frame their proposed political decisions on considerations of power and of exclusive national interest. The notion of any fellowship of the peoples which transcends national egotism never seems to intrude on their minds. They are not seeking to give unity to the nations by adjusting special national interests to the common interest of all peoples in a more than national social order. Like a group of American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congressmen they are log-rolling to pass a bill which appropriates a part of the resources of the whole people in land, minerals and military power for the exclusive benefit of their own constituencies.

The Allied statesmen refused to consider during the war an inter-Allied conference on peace terms intended to place a united political policy behind the unity of military command. They professed to fear the distracting effect of such a conference on the morale of the anti-German Alliance. This profession was the prophecy of their present failure. What the majority of them really feared was not an impairment of the Alliance or the danger of any relaxation of their military efforts. What they feared was the price which the imperialists would have had to pay to the democracies for a united political front. If a conference had assembled during the war, it would not have dared to stamp with the seal of official public approval the "concrete" claims on which French, Italian, Polish, Rumanian and other imperialists are now insisting. The only peace programme which an inter-Allied conference could have presented to the world with the intention of improving the political morale of the Allies would not have differed essentially, except perhaps in the proposed treatment of Austria-Hungary, from that of the inter-Allied Socialists. At that time statesmen were painfully dependent upon positive popular support. If a conference had proclaimed its official allegiance to an internationalist democratic settlement, the imperialists would have committed themselves in advance to the renunciation of retaliation and to the application to international politics of the Golden Rule; and to that they did not propose to consent except under compulsion. Before military victory is won the traditional politicians always profess to fight in the defense of popular liberty and human progress; but once their armies have overcome the enemy, they can with similar unanimity always find sound reasons for subordinating such vague and abstract considerations to the need of securing the material fruits of victory and to that of punishing the vanquished for his failure to fight on behalf of popular liberty and human progress.

Are we not entitled to claim as a result of what is now happening in Europe a complete justification for the New Republic's insistence on the need of discussing and removing during the process of the war, the obstacles to political victory? The paralysis of will, the lack of common objectives and the loss by the Peace Conference of effective moral and political authority are all traceable to the refusal on the part of Allied statesmen, while the fighting still continued, to rise to the level of their own great task. The politicians and agitators who opposed at that time the frank discussion and the clear formulation of Allied aims and policy in a liberal sense were and are still the worst defeatists. In demanding the cessation of all political discussion, they were working for a covert object. They sought to safeguard a political propaganda of their own whose objects were hostile to the democratic policy of the American government. As we said on October 19th last: "What our critics really demand is not that discussion of policy shall cease, but that any liberal contribution to it shall cease;" and particularly that the country shall not be reminded of its declared purpose in entering the war. So it has proved to be. The very Americans who proclaimed the supreme and exclusive desirability of military victory are now insisting in effect upon the moral and political sterility of what the armies have accomplished. The political problem has not, as they now claim, been altered by the defeat of the German armies. The German people must be dealt with just as the Entente might have been justified in dealing with them, in case they had not been defeated. Their future recovery must be prevented by force. And these same Americans who during the war were most emphatic about the moral righteousness of the Allied cause are now most indifferent to the righteousness of the political structure which is erected on the foundation of the military victory. It is people like Mr. James M. Beck who denounced the Germans most violently for their crimes against civilization who are now opposing most tenaciously the transformation of the victory into a peace of equal justice and popular reconciliation.

The anarchy in Paris reveals clearly the inherent contradictions in the war slogans and policies advocated by Mr. Beck, his European models and his American imitators. They rightly called for a New Europe and considered any proposal to restore the status quo ante as flagrant pro-German propaganda. Yet they are now proposing to restore the status quo ante in its most maleficent form—that is, in the form of an organized competition among nations for preponderance of power. They opposed and rightly opposed an inconclusive peace. Yet the peace which their models in Europe are trying to make would be as inconclusive and as disorderly as the settlement framed at Vienna. They also opposed a negotiated peace and rightly opposed it in so far as negotiation implied the compromise of salutary principles. Yet their European associates with their approval are now trying to patch up a bargain from which all principles of general application are scrupulously excluded and which would consist of a mere compromise of interests. Finally they demanded a dictated peace, and in spite of military victory it looks impossible for them to get it. Is it true that, as Mr. Frank H.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Simonds says, "the decisions which the peace conference is still unable to make may be beyond its power to enforce, when, if ever, they are made." If so the American public is certainly being cheated out of its dictated peace.

Why will the American public fail to satisfy its longing for a dictated peace? Because the only justification for uncontrolled dictation is the disposition and the ability to do equal justice, and during the war the Entente Powers did not prepare and did not propose in the event of victory to do equal justice. They did not define what they meant by the "victoire intégrale" upon whose altar they sacrificed so many hecatombs. Under less extraordinary circumstances they as the victors might have dispensed with any definition of the meaning of victory, just as so many victors have dispensed with it in the past, but the circumstances were unique and called for a novel brand of statesmanship. The military victory was hideously costly and put an unprecedented strain upon the moral endurance of the peoples. Further fighting is abhorrent to them, and any dictation which needs to be enforced by popular armies calls for an impregnable case. It is a grave question how far the Allied governments can depend on their troops to enforce the decisions which they are so helpless to make.

Allied statesmen now depend for their success less upon their doubtful armies than upon their equally doubtful fund of political wisdom—upon their ability to satisfy the immediate and essential but partly inarticulate demands and needs of the peoples of Europe and to frame the plans and find the materials out of which they can build a new structure of public order. They are showing a conspicuous lack of the needed ability. They are indictable for the very crime with which their supporters have charged their critics, such as the New Republic. They have been impracticable and have ignored facts. They have neglected the indispensable preparations for the greatest work of political legislation in history. They tied themselves up with promises which conflicted with the institution of international public order. They possessed themselves with fears, suspicions and hatreds, which prevented them from seeing clearly the larger human aspects of the problem. They fomented as far as possible those fears, suspicions and hatreds among the people. They have yielded to romantic and distracting feelings when they should have fixed their attention upon political realities. But they are now suffering for the neglect. The political realities, which they sacrificed to the psychology and politics of war are asserting themselves with revengeful obstinacy. The German army is impotent, but the German nation is preparing to resist. Who can doubt its ability to do so, just in so far as the dictation is unjust and transfers to Germany the benefit of the moral imponderables? The conference has furnished the people of Central Europe with the weapons of despair. They have nothing to gain from being orderly, acquiescent and industrious, whereas if they are disorderly and rebellious they may involve their conquerors in the same ruin with which they themselves are threatened. They are counting on the support active or passive of the over-strained peoples of the Allied nations, and who can say they will count in vain?

Shall Germany be Allowed to Trade?

ON the face of the matter there appears to be justice and common sense in the French and Belgian demand that Germany be not admitted to the privileges of international trade until the mines and workshops and factories she laid waste have been restored. Your business rival has burned down your mill. Is it enough that he pay you the cost of it? No, he ought to be enjoined from operating his own mill until you have reconstructed yours. Else his felony may greatly profit him. In the year or two while you are out of the market he may open relations with all your customers, divert to his own use the good will of your business, with the result that, while you may have in the end the physical property you had in the beginning, your enemy has all the trade. And the trade is more vital than the physical property. Shall Germany be let off with reparation for Belgian and French physical properties while drawing to herself the trade Belgium and France might have had? That, say the French and Belgians, would be to leave Germany in the position of victor, after all.

Plainly Germany ought to be handicapped in trade, if the analogies between the nation and the private trading firm, between international trade and the rivalries among private manufacturers, hold good. But do these analogies hold? Most of the statesmen of today assume that they do, just as did the statesmen who helped the Grand Monarch to ruin France and directed the policy of Napoleon, by way of the Continental Blockade, to the secure establishment of Britain as mistress of the seas. We are not asserting dogmatically that because a certain economic policy looks good to the traditional over-expert diplomat and statesman it is necessarily mistaken and injurious. But it usually is, and therefore we had better look sharply to the analogy of sovereign nation and trading firm and the deduction from it, that Germany ought to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be enjoined for a while from competing. There is another deduction, that America, with her unimpaired resources ought not to go out too actively after foreign trade until England and France and Italy have recovered their footing. That is as good a deduction as the other, but for obvious reasons it is not openly pressed by our European allies.

Examine minutely the statistics of foreign trade and you will indeed find instances in which the advance of one country's exports involves the decline of another country's. The analogy of private competition seems here to hold. Thus European, especially German sugar played havoc with the market of the West Indian planters. But these instances are relatively rare and are confined to the very few commodities that come in the same form and quality from whatever country. In the great majority of cases the advance of one country's exports is attended by an advance in those of its so-called rivals. In the days while England was shouting herself into a panic over "Made in Germany," British trade was expanding steadily and healthfully. While Germany was crowding France in the world markets, as the politicians put it, the French were enjoying a comfortable expansion of trade, in spite of the difficulties they made for themselves by their narrow protectionist policies. America made great strides in foreign trade in the period from 1900 to 1914. It is impossible to point to a single nation which fell back in trade on account of the "American invasion." One nation's exports increase fifty per cent in a decade, another's twenty-five per cent and the disproportion may be displeasing to the statisticians of the latter. It does not foreshadow national bankruptcy.

But may not the matter be argued as follows: Down to the war trade was growing by a natural law, French exports doubled between 1870 and 1910, but might they not have done better if German exports had not increased three-fold? No; such an argument is quite innocent of economic science. If the export trade of Germany, of England, of America had not expanded, it is doubtful that French exports could have doubled. The amount of business to be done is not definite, determined by fate, but business itself makes business.

England we regard as our competitor in the export of manufactures. Let us say that she constructs a South American railway and swells her export figures, to our apparent disadvantage, with items covering the cost of railway material. Very well; the railway opens up a new country requiring agricultural machinery, barbed wire and a host of other goods, of which we are bound to supply a share. Thus England, in making business for herself, makes business for us. Or take another instance that looks much more difficult to reconcile with the cooperative principle in international trade. Say that before the war both France and Italy exported shoes to Argentina. Apparently the one could gain only at the other's loss. But very likely the French shoes were of cooperating rather than competing grades. Probably the Italian product shod the proletariat in their labors to produce for the employers the profits wherewith to buy the French shoes.

Imagine Russia settled down again to orderly economic activity: what chance would there be at the outset for French trade? Very little. France could take only a fraction of Russia's cereal surplus. The rest would have to go to England and Germany. Russia would at first have to confine her purchases to the cheapest of clothing and hardware, to agricultural machinery and working implements which the French can not produce satisfactorily without going over to a form of industrialism incompatible with their national genius. The opportunity for French trade would come later, when the grosser requirements of the population having been satisfied, men in easier circumstances began to seek objects of taste and refinement.

But perhaps the French mean to change their nature and instead of weaving silks and designing silverware to sell wherever prosperity emerges, intend in the future to gather their laborers in huge factories to turn out vile metal spoons at a sou a gross for the use of mujiks and peons? Even so they will find that at many points they will have to rely on Germany to make business for them. How will the mujik pay for his spoons? With the proceeds of wheat exported to Germany. How will the Germans pay for the wheat? Not with gold, for they will have none; not with raw materials, for the French with Alsace-Lorraine are taking three-fourths of the German iron production, and the whole possible export of the chief remaining raw materials, coal and potash, will pay only a fraction of the interest on the reparation debt. Germany will have to pay with manufactures, sent to England, the Americas or the Orient, or perhaps to France. Without the intermediation of Germany in the transaction France can not do business with Russia, whether she continues to be a producer of fine goods or sinks to the level of producers of goods cheap and nasty.

To attempt to destroy a country which menaces one's own is human or inhuman according to the point of view; it is not absurd. It is absurd for a country to seek to destroy a so-called economic rival for the sake of economic gain. Countries are not in any valid sense economic rivals; they are at once cooperators and competitors and so long as the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world is susceptible of further development they are as a rule more of cooperators than competitors. This the professional statesman has never seen and probably never will see. At ordinary times it makes little difference, since the process of international cooperation goes on whether the statesman wills it or no.

But these are not ordinary times. Not only is the fate of nations in the balance but the fate of the economic system to which we have all adjusted our calculations. Capitalism is a possibility so long as the productive process yields fruits adequate to the insistent requirements of the workers themselves and a substantial surplus besides. That it did not do, in Europe, during the period of the great war. Not only was most of the surplus absorbed in war taxes and war loans, but the working population was supplied so meagrely that but for the spirit of patriotism the productive process would have stopped. The post-war taxes and loans are still consuming most of the surplus and the restraining influence of war-time patriotism is losing its hold on the workers. Everywhere in Europe they are demanding a greater return for their labor and that return is measured in goods, not in money, whose fluctuating value is educating the workers to the real economics of the wages system. In Russia, where the value of money is practically nothing, the education is complete. The peasant will not give up his wheat for rubles, nor the worker his productive efforts. The peasant will not continue his sowings unless he can be assured a clear prospect of the goods he needs in exchange for his products.

Now it requires no profound insight into industrial psychology to recognize that to relax productive effort while awaiting evidence that an equivalent in usable goods will be forthcoming is profoundly demoralizing. The capitalistic system is built upon faith and an infinity of painfully acquired industrial habits. Faith is going, and industrial habits are wasting while the statesmen occupy themselves with boundaries between states, which signify next to nothing as compared with the boundaries between capitalism and its communistic opposite. If the statesmen had eyes for anything but the map, they would see that the fortunes of capitalism wax or wane as they debate. But they are blind. Therefore they are not only leaving fallow the great productive capacity of Germany, which ought to be turning out goods to meet the requirements of labor, whether German or Polish or Balkan or Russian, but are even contemplating the extension of this absurdity until France and Belgium shall have restored their productive equipment. Restored, to what end, if in the meantime the whole commercial-industrial system shall have racked itself to pieces?

To permit Germany to produce goods and sell them in international markets: would that not be to condone her faults? If it were, let us remember that it is sometimes better to condone the faults of a malefactor than to burn the house down over his head and ours. But whether it is to condone the fault or not turns on the question, on whose account is Germany to work? Whose, but that of the Allies?

All the surplus of German productive operations for many years will be required to meet the Allied claims for reparation. Germany must retain so much of her production as is required to keep her productive system going. Beyond that she will work for the Allies until she has repaired the physical destruction she wrought. And in working at all she will be engaged in rebuilding an economic structure which few of the governing classes anywhere are yet ready to abandon.

The Let Down

NO estimate of the difficulties of Paris is either fair or true which pictures a few closeted statesmen engaged in thwarting the will of mankind. No single clear will is visible. In fact it would be more accurate to say that the closeted ones are furiously engaged in trying to fulfill great expectations. Mr. Wilson has often spoken of the possibility that the peoples of Europe would take matters into their own hands if his kind of peace were not made. He has not explained that they are just as likely to do it if M. Clemenceau's and Baron Sonnino's kind of peace is not made. For it is misleading to assume that the continental diplomats are boldly resisting the intentions and desires of their public. They are not. They are earnestly trying to realize them, and the real conflict turns on the method by which the expectations of France and Italy are to be met.

In rough outline the facts are about as follows: In the summer and autumn of 1917 consciousness of defeat had taken hold of the continental Allies. Events had stimulated an enormous defeatist propaganda which was stopped only by M. Clemenceau's audacity and by an intense counter-propaganda. Using America's strength as their chief talking point, the view was carried to every village that complete victory was possible, and that it would mean the solution of all the difficulties confronting the people. A beaten Germany would pay for the war, would rebuild France, would rehabilitate French industry and commerce, would relieve the tax burden; a beaten Austria would do the same for Italy. Even in England this view existed, and in the elections of December Mr. Lloyd George

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made promises which his own technical advisers knew to be impossible. The existing governments rest on these expectations. Their life depends upon the translation of military victory into relief from the burdens of the war.

Between what the people have been promised and what they can actually secure there is a vast gap. How to bridge it is the problem which harasses the European statesmen. They are confronted with the costs of a terrible disappointment in their populations, and they are struggling not with Mr. Wilson's idealism but with the stern facts of Europe. It is they who have made unreal promises, stirred up extravagant hopes, used words loosely, and ignored the truth. They have told their people things which the data refute, and they are fearfully embarrassed in the knowledge that the reckoning is at hand. This has made them not a little panicky and men in a panic grasp at shadows. Already overburdened with administrative and financial difficulties, they do what men so often do when they feel desperate. They try to gamble more furiously than ever in order to recoup somewhere. Hence a series of wild and adventurous policies in eastern Europe, Turkey, the Mediterranean and western Germany; hence the officially stimulated propaganda for Fiume, the Palatinate, for anything which can be combined as a substantial token of promises fulfilled.

There is no way out along these lines. Revival cannot be achieved by suppressing the prosperity of neighbors, nor by exacting tribute either from the enemy or from the newly created states of Central Europe. The amount of the indemnity never can be a substitute for a radical reconstruction of domestic affairs. The wiser men know this, but when they are courageous enough to avow it they are met with the expectations of their people. These expectations have not been let down. They are the hothouse products of censorship and propaganda, an inflamed and dangerous sensibility which the statesmen do not know how to nurse back to a saner and more realistic view of actualities.

M. Klotz, the French Finance Minister tried it on February eighteenth in proposing a capital tax and got himself severely trounced by the Budget Commission, which nevertheless admitted that "the payment of war indemnities due from Germany cannot absolve the government from a study of fiscal conditions, and from proposing fresh taxes . . . in order to insure the balancing of our budgets." The conservative Gaulois remarked that M. Klotz is too clever a man to cherish any illusions as to the fate of his suggestion, and the radical Populaire added that: "the bourgeois deputies will not dare to confront their electors with such a bill in their pockets: they will not vote it."

Signor Orlando in his address at the opening of the Chamber on March first also set himself the task of breaking the unpleasant news: "The marvelously unexpected ending of the Great War has had the effect of placing in the very foreground the internal situation, especially in its economical and financial aspect," and added that if the war leaves all the people more or less in a state of prostration, Italy occupies a painful first place in this, because in proportion to her wealth she has spent more than all the others.

In England the tendency to recoil from the hopeless promises of the election has been more and more evident. Both Mr. Bonar Law and the Premier have warned the people not to expect too much, and in Saturday's dispatches there is strong evidence that the British government is inclined to reverse the whole temper of the Peace Conference by advocating disarmament, intercourse with Soviet Russia and the immediate inclusion of the German Republic in the League of Nations. If this report is accurate, it means that the British who are the most experienced and the most adequately informed of European governments have come to the conclusion that the effort to stabilize Europe by executing national claims is doomed to disaster, and that only the fearless reversal of precedents and habitual methods in ending a war can save the world from convulsion. It means that they have resolved to go through with the League of Nations to its logical end in a peace of reconciliation.

If these dispatches are correct they signify a recognition that the salvation of Europe can no longer be achieved by temporizing with half-hearted reforms, and that the crime and the disaster of the war can only be resolved by a fresh beginning the world over. It is a hard point of view to accept, the wounds of the war are so fresh and the memories so terrible, and no one can hastily condemn men who reject it. Yet when people are stricken as they are in Europe today, when every impulse of their natures cries out for peace and security and quiet, it is only the brave prophet who can lead them. So sick at heart are they, so tortured with anxiety and uncertainty that nothing less than a supreme call to the generous soul of man can yield them hope. It is time for a leader to say from Paris that the disease is too terrible to be cured by patches and bickerings, and to go fearlessly to men with a great affirmation of human brotherhood. In cold and relaxed periods such an act would be sterile, but today when the spirit of men is distended in agony it is the only true politics. To the peoples of the world, divided, scattered, broken into fragments, a leader must speak who can give to their minds and their passions the unity of a sacred hope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nation Attacks the Covenant

IN its issue of March 22nd, the Nation attacks the proposed Covenant front, rear, and flanks. In one and the same article appear the arguments of the reactionary and the revolutionist, the abstract free trader and the jealous nationalist, the non-resistant pacifist and the Marxian Socialist. Set out in a series these arguments run as follows:

1. *To make the league plan an integral part of the Treaty of Peace is a trick to force its adoption.*

The editors of the Nation cannot be unaware that the terms of the armistice require this procedure, nor can they have forgotten that a peace *based* on a League must differ in substance and purpose from a peace *not based* on a League. They must know that the League is devised as a substitute for military annexations in Europe, and that the idea of mandatories is fundamental to the settlement of the Turkish, African, and Pacific problems.

2. *The Covenant is a connivance which enables the carrying out of every execrable secret bargain laid down by the Allied Governments since the war began.*

This is a case of taking for granted that the worst has happened. When this was written the Conference was deadlocked because France and Italy insisted on the bargains while Britain and America opposed them. The Nation was taking it for granted that Mr. Wilson had lost his fight.

3. *The Covenant is an entangling alliance, subversive of our best traditions, subversive of certain elements of our independent sovereignty.*

What traditions and what elements are not specified. This much is left to inference, but when we read a little further down in the same paragraph that the Nation is "content to leave this view of the Covenant to Senator Knox and his associates, knowing that they will say everything for it that can be said," we cannot help thinking of all the things the famous Thirty-Nine have said, and are compelled to conclude that the Nation is more interested in wrecking the project than in discussing it.

4. *It is a calm, arrogant, and ruthless formulation of a plan of world-dominion by the five conquering powers, a device for causing the exploitable territories of the earth to stand and deliver without the risk and cost of war.*

This assertion must be read in connection with the following:

5. *We believe that a league of nations is inevitable, and that it will come "automatically and spontaneously," by means which politicians do not contemplate.*

This statement of belief again must be read in connection with the closing appeal to the proletariat:

6. *Let them consider the proposals which Mr. Wilson now sponsors and insists upon, and see which way their economic interest inclines them.*

Several times in the article the Nation accuses Mr. Wilson of trickery, blandishment, and seduction. It would be interesting to know by what term its editors would describe an argument which consists in urging the Republican Senators to destroy the Covenant in the interest of the proletarian revolution. Whatever else it may be, this is not candid journalism. And while we note that the Nation has no inflated pretensions to being an organ of liberal opinion, modesty does not require it to adopt the methods of trying to gain an end by being all things to all men.

It is better at a time like this to speak and think without too much intricacy. If the Nation believes that immediate and universal revolution is desirable, and that by withdrawing from the League America can help to bring that about, let it say so. If it believes, as we do, that catastrophic revolution is undesirable, and that a sincere effort should be made to administer a just and conciliatory peace as the transition to a radically better order, let it say that. If it believes in abandoning the Allies and allowing them to attempt a violent peace with violent suppression of reform, let it say that. All three positions are plausible and consistent. But instigating Senator Knox to act as the assistant to Lenin in order to realize Cobden's theories of peace and free trade is either muddle or disingenuousness.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1919, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS
HERBERT CROLY — FRANCIS HACKETT
PHILIP LITTELL — ALVIN JOHNSON
WALTER E. WEYL — WALTER LIPPMANN
SIGNE TOKSVIG, Assistant Editor

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Burleson, Unionizer

IN 1917 Mr. Burleson put forth his supreme efforts to induce his employees to join the American Federation of Labor.

In April, through his Second Assistant Postmaster General, he sent a notice of discharge from the service to Mr. E. J. Ryan, President of the Railway Mail Association. The Railway Mail Association included some seventy per cent of the "railway postal clerks" who work on railway-mail-cars and in the great railway-junction distribution-centres called "terminals." Mr. Ryan had sent out to these men a circular in which he said:

"While private employees have benefited by voluntary acts of their employers, railway postal clerks have been forced to accept changes that have made working conditions in the service worse than at any time in the past."

The facts on which Mr. Ryan's statement was based will be presented in the next article. The Department did not attempt to change the facts. It continued them. But it notified Mr. Ryan to show cause why he should not be discharged for "publishing and circulating false and misleading statements which foment discontent and create disloyalty among the employees of the service."

Mr. Ryan, in reply, offered to substantiate his statements before an "impartial tribunal." The "impartial tribunal" was not furnished. It does not, in customary practice, exist. In the Post Office Department (as throughout the government) there is no "Trial Board" for accused employees. In each case the Department is itself the accuser, the investigator, the verifier and the executioner. Mr. Ryan was executed forthwith. He departed from the service, remarking to the Second Postmaster General that the "discontent" and the "disloyalty" in the service were "fomented" and "created" not by circulars but by "false economy" and "idiotic efficiency systems" and "unfair transfers and reductions."

Mr. Ryan's discharge was the finish. In October the Railway Mail Association took a referendum-vote on joining the American Federation of Labor. Under previous Postmaster Generals the members of the Railway Mail Association had been strictly civil-servants and nothing else. Now they became a part of the organized working-class. The result of the count of the referendum-vote was:

For joining the American Federation of Labor: 6,827. Against: 2,072. The "for's" had it by more than three to one.

Thus successful with the railway postal clerks, Mr. Burleson turned to the rural letter-carriers. With them, however, he failed. They have an organization but it is relatively small. Rural letter-carriers are more scattered, less thrown together, than railway postal clerks or post-office clerks or city-delivery letter-carriers. Still, the rural carriers did have an organization, and it was possible to outrage it. Mr. Burleson did so.

In April of 1917, through his Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, he sent a notice of discharge from the service to the President of the National Rural Letter Carriers' Association, Mr. Fred L. White. Mr. White had printed, in a postal periodical, the following statement:

"We have learned from the very best authorities that the Department intends to reorganize the rural-delivery service by making the majority of the routes 30 miles long instead of 24."

This statement, even if a mistaken one, would not seem to most people to be unforgivably important; but to a Fourth Assistant Postmaster General under Mr. Burleson it was an opportunity of the utmost value. The Fourth Assistant at once gave Mr. White ten days in which to show cause why he should not be discharged for making false statements. Mr. White replied by claiming that his statements were based on information gained in the Department itself and by setting up certain events communicated to him from Stoughton in Wisconsin by one M. J. Hokernson as follows:

Mr. Hokernson was a rural letter carrier. He carried in the Stoughton neighborhood. His was one of the six routes. It was 22 miles long. The Department had just reorganized the routes. It had reduced them from six to five. Under the reorganization the shortest route was 26 7-8 miles long. The longest route was 29 7-8 miles long —within 1-8 mile of 30.

Mr. White thought that such events tended to substantiate his view that the policy of the Department was leading to lengthening of the routes from 24 toward 30. The Department thought not. Or, rather, it finally grounded itself on the assertion that Mr. White claimed to have got his information in the Department and that in fact he did not get it there. On this technicality, having to do with the source of Mr. White's information and having nothing to do with the merits of the grievances of rural letter-carriers, Mr. White was severed from the service.

Mr. Burleson had now got rid of the leaders of two of the postal-service organizations. He proceeded to a third. He attacked the city-delivery letter-carriers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The city-delivery letter-carriers had, and have, the strongest organization in the whole service. The total number of city-delivery letter-carriers in the United States is 34,592. The membership of the National Association of Letter-Carriers is 33,297. It is a solid body, and conservative in its methods. It gets out a periodical written in the restrained style of a cautious business trade-paper. It has kept its Secretary, Mr. E. J. Cantwell, as its representative in Washington for twenty years continuously. In 1917 Mr. Burleson contrived the discharge (from the postal service) of its President, Mr. E. J. Gainor.

It had been a custom in the Post Office Department to allow officers of postal-service organizations to have leaves of absence without pay during their terms of duty as officers. It was supposed that officers of postal-service organizations, being engaged in work for the welfare of the employees, might be regarded as working also for the welfare of the Department. This humane and harmonious understanding was not understood by Mr. Burleson. In the spring of 1917, because of the war, he had issued a general order generally revoking all leaves of absence. He proceeded to apply this order to Mr. Gainor. Mr. Gainor asked for a leave of absence. He was refused it. The routine presumption was that he would return to letter-carrying at Muncie, Indiana. It was a presumption contrary to fact. Mr. Gainor could not return. His duty as President of the National Association of Letter-Carriers, in the midst of his period of office, would not permit him to return. He resigned.

It was a great triumph for Mr. Burleson. In the ensuing January the National Association of Letter-carriers took a referendum-vote on joining the American Federation of Labor. It had taken a similar vote five years previously. At that time the count of the vote was as follows:

For joining the American Federation of Labor: 4,118. Against: 19,783. Majority *against:* 15,665.

This time, with the Burleson system fully operating and fully appreciated, the count of the vote was:

For joining the American Federation of Labor: 23,551. Against: 1,971. Majority *for:* 21,580.

Mr. Burleson had now visited his displeasure upon the presidents of postal-service organizations in three of the four principal branches of the service, and he had put two of those organizations into the American Federation of Labor. The fourth principal branch of the service is post-office clerks. They do the distributing and other work in the regular post-offices all over the United States.

Among them, when Mr. Burleson came into office, there was a rather struggling union, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. It had started in Chicago in 1900 and had got a national charter in 1906, and it now bore the name of National Federation of Postal Employees. In 1917 Mr. Burleson had already discharged its secretary-treasurer and active promoter, Mr. Thomas F. Flaherty. The circumstances of Mr. Flaherty's dismissal were almost amusing.

Mr. Flaherty had gone to the Department in Washington to present a grievance on behalf of a certain clerk in the Chicago post-office. This clerk had been demoted $100 a year for scattering certain notices of the clerks' organization in the mails among the letters he was handling in order to reach his fellow-clerks who would subsequently handle them. Mr. Flaherty said that it had been a custom to permit postal-service employees to adopt this method of acquainting their fellow-employees with the news of organization events. Mr. Flaherty asked the Department to remember that it had been a custom of the trade and to pardon the clerk in Chicago. He remarked further that he himself, in his own old office of San Francisco, had seen clerks scattering organization-notices in the mails. The Department was moved. It was so moved that instead of merely demoting the clerk in Chicago it altogether discharged him; and also, on the ground that Mr. Flaherty had himself scattered organization-notices in the mails, it discharged Mr. Flaherty.

Nevertheless Mr. Flaherty's union was a rather struggling union. It needed help. Mr. Burleson gave it a great deal of help by his passion for sweat-shopping, by his passion for demotions and reductions, by his passion for resisting wage-advances in Congress. In 1917, compared with 1916, the cost of food went up 28 per cent. In 1917, compared with 1916, the average salary of post-office clerks went up less than one-half of one per cent. This was injustice. But people can sometimes forgive injustice by itself. They do not forgive injustice joined to insult.

In 1917, in his annual report, Mr. Burleson used the following language:

"It is regrettable that the organized postal employees are making many selfish demands and are insisting that their salaries be permanently increased although they are justly compensated, receiving more than three times as much as those fighting in the trenches who must of necessity suffer the hardships of warfare."

Postmaster General Burleson's salary is $12,000. The salary of a real general is $6,000, in the brigadier rank. Mr. Burleson does not seem to know why he gets a larger salary than a real general. He does not seem to know why civilian incomes are larger than military incomes. Everybody else knows. Every letter-carrier, every railway postal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clerk, every post-office clerk knows. The soldier is destined to battle. Battle has been thought of as a sacrifice to one's country. It has not been thought of as an enterprise in personal economics. It has not been thought of as a gainful occupation to be entered into for the primary purpose of supporting one's self and of feeding and clothing one's wife and of founding a family and of perpetuating the race. Battle is not a livelihood. Sorting letters is, or ought to be.

To reproach letter-sorters for wanting more money than was being earned at Château Thierry was to do a thing so unjustified by the manifest facts of life that postal-employees could take it only as a deliberate insult deliberately designed to disparage and discredit them in the eyes of their fellow-citizens undeservedly and dishonestly.

In the second place, the statistics of this insult were mendacious. The private soldier gets indeed only about one-third of what the average post-office clerk gets, in money. But there are certain further fairly notorious facts, current in the common public prints. A private soldier gets food, clothes, quarters, medical service, for nothing: the clerk pays for them. The private soldier is also reputed to get an allowance from the government, at intervals, for his family: the clerk gets no such allowance. Considering these facts, and considering their notoriety in all sections and sexes and ages of the population, the postal-service employees could not believe that Mr. Burleson himself believed that they were earning three times as much as soldiers. They took his remark not as an attempt at truth but as an attempt at hatred and malice.

Finally, they resented the character of his allusion to their demand that their future increases in salary should be made permanent. They resented it, and they rebutted it, in precisely the same manner in which Senator LaFollette resented and rebutted it when it afterwards came to debate on the floor of the Senate.

Senator LaFollette went over all the important wage-advances of the last fourteen years. He showed that the wages of the President, of Senators, of Congressmen, of the Postmaster General, have been raised fifty per cent. These advances have been made *permanent*. But when an advance is considered for a clerk, the Department arises in the robes of scientific management and efficiency and economy to say that it should be made *temporary*. And it gets made temporary.

In 1917, in 1918, Mr. Flaherty's struggling union among the post-office clerks struggled toward strength. From a membership of 8,000 it grew to a membership of 12,000. From a membership of 12,000 it grew to a membership of 20,000. Its growth continues to date. In the months of September of 1918 to March of 1919 it established 100 new local branches in 100 new localities.

Mr. Burleson can now say that in all three branches of the postal service in which the employees are thrown closely enough together to make unionization possible he has effected unionization. He failed among the scattered rural carriers on their lonely routes, but he has given us three new vigorous arms of the American Federation of Labor on our city-delivery routes, in our post-office buildings and in our railway-mail-cars and railway-mail-terminals.

Mr. Burleson is precisely the Postmaster General that Nicolai Lenin would choose for the United States. Mr. Burleson has convinced the civil servants of the American Post Office that they belong to the proletariat.

WILLIAM HARD.

The Silent Woman

A FRIEND of mine—in fact to be open, an editor of the New Republic—once told me that he should become an anti-feminist if, in general conversation where topics of public interest were under discussion, intelligent women continued, as now to sit silent and let the men do all the talking. Why do they do it? he demanded. Why do women feel no obligation to contribute to such talk?

My heart sank, as your heart does sink on first hearing a criticism you know is going to turn out on examination to be just. My friend was right; women do not take their part in conversation on serious subjects. Why?

But, the answer I find is very simple: women do not talk because men will not listen to them.

The really interesting question is, why will not men listen? Some people will say off hand that it is because women have nothing to say worth hearing, but let us put these reactionaries out of court. Others tell me that the feminine temperament allows itself to be dominated by the male, and whatever its intellectual skill, gets wiped out in the rough and tumble of general conversation, just as whatever its manual dexterity, it would get wiped out in a physical fight. A woman I know offers still another explanation; she says that women do not put their ideas into solemn enough, heavy enough, boring enough form. "Think of the forms men have invented for letter writing," she says. "They actually like the yours-to-hand-and-contents-noted style. Do you think the average office would pay any attention to a letter that began 'got your letter and oddly enough read it'?" In confirmation of her theory she likes to go on and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tell how in a mixed group the other day presidential possibilities were being discussed, and she, who had had some opportunities of hearing inside gossip, said: "Henry Gould Pitts is going to be a candidate." No one answered, no one commented, no one paid any more attention to her than if she had made an irrelevant remark about the weather. But, after a few minutes, one of the men said this:

"I should not wish to be quoted, but I do not mind saying in such a group as this, that I have been reliably informed, although of course it would be impossible at this time to put more than a minimum of dependence on any information, however reliable its source, that—(pause)—Henry Gould Pitts is to be a candidate."

An electric thrill ran through the audience; many of the men asserting that the idea was an entirely new one to them, and that they had never before heard Pitts's name mentioned in this connection.

"Oh, yes, my dear," my friend adds, "they like to be bored; they think it's frivolous to put their minds on anything unless it's tiresome. Look at their special man-made institutions—the pulpit, Congress and after-dinner speaking."

There is probably something in her idea; but to my mind the true explanation is even simpler. Men hate to listen, but regard it as the necessary price of being listened to. The reason they don't listen to women is that they don't have to. They have to listen to other men, who shout, interrupt or sulk if not listened to. It seems to be a real sex difference. Men would rather be listened to than liked. Women would rather be liked than listened to. Most people get what they want most.

ALICE DUER MILLER.

Loquacious Man:
His Answer

MRS. MILLER believes that women are "people." She seems to deny that men, too, are "people," and not necessarily all of a kind. Men shout and sulk and interrupt? Can you hear Colonel House shouting or see Bernard Shaw sulking? Can you imagine the silken Arthur Balfour jumping down anyone's throat with interruptions? Won't Mrs. Miller please move over and make a little room for men, or some men, inside the human race?

What would happen to a man in feminist circles who said this: "Women would rather be liked than listened to?" Anyone who has heard or even seen the Boss of New York, Miss Mary Garrett Hay, knows just exactly how universal this Law of the Shrinking Violet is. And can anyone imagine Miss Thomas of Bryn Mawr saying, or thinking, "I'd rather be liked than listened to"? I've known some chorus girls (two) of rather limited powers of conversation. They would rather be liked than listened to. But they were exceptional. Even at the risk of arousing displeasure, I confess out of my own experience, women persist in addressing me. Particularly when I am working. I wish I knew more women who'd rather be liked than listened to. Have I picked the Xantippes and George Eliots and Christabel Pankhursts? Miss Christabel Pankhurst, I give my word, would rather be listened to than eat.

But, Mrs. Miller says, men are solemn, men are heavy, men are boring. Men? Anatole France? Gilbert Murray? Colonel Roosevelt? Max Beerbohm? German men? French men? New Republic editors? Or—just men? It is an extensive sex.

American men whose business it is to discuss topics of public interest have their own manners, I admit, in pursuing their life of discussion. They are not the manners of well bred social intercourse. Such business men—and they are business men—early discard the practice of sympathetic personal attention, if it was ever in their nature or in their breeding to bestow it. There can be no real hospitality without such sympathy, but when they meet people at lunch or dinner these professional inquirers are not extending hospitality. They are meeting to exchange news and ideas.

Their notion of conducting this exchange is open to the charge of being much too arbitrary and harsh. They tend to divide people into the important and the unimportant. They are intolerant and unresponsive unless the conversation is likely to help them in their business. They believe that more is to be gained by non-genial or at most semi-genial inquisition than by more delicate provocation and stimulation. But the mistake is to identify such meals with hospitality. These luncheons and dinners have only an appearance of social intercourse. They are devised because they provide a convenient arrangement for general publicist conversation. In the case of true hospitality personal intercourse is destined to be promoted by the imagination and tact of the host. Whether conversation becomes general or not, the host or the hostess sees to it that every personality in the company is, in the simplest of all phrases, made at home. But among American business men—whether their business is politics or writing or handing down the word of God or teaching or practising law—there is no living conception of such tact and imagination, and no such respect for personality, especially diffident personality. It seems a waste of time. Instead of that permeation of goodwill which is the essence of hospitality, the visitor is provided with more or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

less willing auditors, and if he has anything to say, he is supposed to know enough to shoot. Once the ordinary barbarian awkwardness is overcome, he usually does shoot. He may want to talk about income tax or dry farming or rural credit or the Omsk government or the merchant marine or syphilis. So long as he carries the discussion a little ahead of the daily newspapers and a little above the ponderosity of the encyclopaedia, he is very likely to get away with it. Quite often, even on a "dull" topic, a man who is alive may ignite another man, and a profitable discussion reward the listeners. And of course no matter how dull it is you can always go on eating bread.

Personally I prefer the host-and-guest equation to the equation of hare-and-hounds. I think a skillful host or hostess, even if burdened with brains, can do infinitely more with a guest than the hungriest pack of inquisitors or listeners. But public topics breed public men, and public men must be as handy as public telephones. Everyone knows the bright glad impersonal stare of a new hotel lobby or a great railway station. When a public man presents this aspect to a set of his contemporaries, they know that he requires no sympathetic evocation. Mrs. Miller is right about his entire class, he'd rather be listened to than liked.

This does not touch woman's silence during general publicist conversation. When a well bred person, man or woman, finds himself projected into a world of such impersonal practices, he usually shrinks. The woman commonly takes refuge in a busy private conversation with her neighbor. All around, as she conceives it, a rough-and-tumble conversation is taking place, with great hulking men dominating and being dominated, and shouting and interrupting and sulking. While she, Victorianly enough, is content to have a quiet tête-à-tête. Granted that the impersonal business meal is non-friendly, especially to people without a good deal of assurance, the worst accompaniment in the world to a round-table conversation is this single anarchic tête-à-tête. The Victorian lady, in other words, is just out of place on such an occasion. If she is going to remain, she ought to surrender something of her sovereignty and try to join the league.

In round-table talk, must women be out of it? Only when they cling to their unfulfilled social expectations. When the occasion is genial, and the round-table is guaranteed against the egoist and the man with any purpose save a genial purpose, the conversation is quite as often in the hands of a woman as of a man, and the brute male has no advantage whatever. When the purpose is not primarily genial, the woman is always handicapped if she have the wrong presumptions. But when she gives up those presumptions in her own desire to convert her rude and unchivalrous audience to suffrage or Bolshevism or intervention in Russia, the big reasons for such unsocial social occasions are at once perceived.

There are men and women to whom unsocial sociality is impossible, who invest their least human contact with the warm clasp of their nature. But to ask this affluence of public men and their luncheons and dinners is to ask for unlimited personality and style. If personality and style were as common as that, we should scarcely need public men or have public questions. Perhaps public men with their meagre manners and public questions with their huge impedimenta are only the solemn, heavy, boring preliminary to the days when everyone will be listened to and everyone liked.

F. H.

The Nonpartisan League

THE Nonpartisan League was defeated in the November elections primarily on the basis of extrinsic issues. The battle over the real issues, the conflicting economic policies and interests of the League and big business, has yet to be waged. The indications now are that in the next contest the superficial issues, used to divert the attention of the public from the real matter under dispute, will be out of the way and the battle can be fought out on its true merits.

The League was not taken seriously in the Northwest, outside of North Dakota, until the spring or summer of 1917. At that time the business men of this territory, in particular of Minneapolis and St. Paul, awoke to the fact that they had a real fight on their hands, if they wished to retain their dominance. Their prestige and control over legislatures was at that time greater than anywhere else in the country, except possibly on the Pacific coast, in Colorado and in those states from Pennsylvania eastward. They had found it fairly easy to manipulate the politics of farmer legislatures and they had dominated the markets of raw materials beautifully. But now their tribute was threatened, their tax levied upon wheat and livestock, upon the mineral resources, and exacted in the form of freight rates and high interest charges imposed upon the farmers of the Northwest who borrowed money to develop their agricultural lands. The Nonpartisan Leaguers had captured North Dakota

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and were marching into other states under their banner of farmer self-consciousness. In particular, they were striving to add Minnesota as their next conquest, because it is the gateway of finance and business to the Northwest. The agents of big business, mainly local bankers, grain dealers, insurance men and the like, scattered throughout the Northwest, reported in the summer of 1917 that League organizers had enrolled some 30,000 to 50,000 members in Minnesota alone, at the rate of $16 for each campaign membership of two years. It was also now apparent that the League possessed an able general in the person of Mr. A. C. Townley. This army must be defeated without delay and its general discredited, or the regime of big business and traditional politics would shortly be at an end. The moral advantages of a check in the career of the League at this time were too great to be ignored.

Through all the months of uninterrupted warfare that followed not once did the big business interests allow themselves to make the tactical mistake of discussing the political and economic programmes of the League. Now and then they found something in its economic methods which would make good newspaper propaganda against it and this they used to their utmost. Also they did not err in attacking the farmers directly, although formerly ridicule had been one of their favorite methods. Now they limited themselves to telling the farmers that they were paying Mr. Townley $16 each to be told how to vote, but the farmers suspected the honesty of this free advice from the camp of their old enemies. Nowhere is the daily press better understood and less trusted than in the Northwest, especially the press of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The main attack against the League soon developed against its leaders and took the form of discrediting their national loyalty and their business honesty. Of course Mr. Townley came in for a major part of the abuse, because it was felt that the League could be killed off readily if his leadership could be separated from it. However, other leaders were also attacked and the daily press and their weekly echoes succeeded through the early months of 1918 in making the names of the League and its leaders synonyms for disloyalty with simple minded people who were accustomed to take their opinions ready made from the big business press. Mr. Townley and several other officials and organizers of the League were arrested on various disloyalty charges, the arrests occurring usually just before primary or final elections. Even their candidate for nomination for governor in Minnesota was arrested only a few days before the election because he undertook to speak at a meeting held in favor of his candidacy on a private farm. His case was of course dismissed when the danger of his election was over. It is significant that these disloyalty charges and prosecutions have ceased since the November elections. In addition to persecution for alleged disloyalty Mr. Townley was prosecuted on an old bankruptcy case and the press intimated pointedly, but guardedly, that he had been appropriating the funds of the League for his personal purposes. They even went so far as to tell marvelous stories about the cost of his clothes. The decision of the federal courts disposed of these charges regarding honesty with a complete exoneration of Mr. Townley on all points under review. But this was also after the elections.

As the battle became fiercer through the summer of 1918 and as it seemed possible that the Nonpartisan League might carry the states of Minnesota and South Dakota, new and more brutal tactics were resorted to. Groups of "loyal" citizens, sometimes passively or actively inspired by local officials and—the League press claimed—encouraged or winked at by state officials, broke up League meetings, assaulted their members, tore their banners from their cars, and in some cases tarred and feathered them and even, in Minnesota, where the fight was hottest, deported them from the state with warnings not to return upon penalty of being lynched. For the most part this was done in the name of loyalty, although the economic interest was almost everywhere indicated.

Other factors also aided in the defeat of the League candidates. They were relatively unknown, men of prominence being unwilling to come out to subject themselves to the abuse of the regular press. At one time in the Northwest to criticize big business and to disagree with the foreign policy of the United States were alike held as treason and were confused in the minds of many persons as the same offense, so distraught had become the public mind under the influence of the "loyal" press. Perhaps the greatest weakness of the League lay in the fact that it possessed only a weekly press through which to wage its campaign. Although it possessed able writers their side of questions came before the public several days late and in insufficient volume. The opposition timed its attacks most admirably to follow these weekly issues and saved its hottest ammunition until just before elections, when there was no possibility of an adequate answer.

In spite of these and many other methods of opposition by big business, there was an overwhelming victory for the League throughout North Dakota. In four of five other states the League candidates for state offices stood second on the final count and in some cases they were close seconds. True, big business, with the aid of its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

press and its political organization, had won. But it was a victory which brought a foretaste of defeat, and most of the leaders knew it.

Big business realizes that the League will be better organized at every point for the next battle. The opposition is also organizing. Immediately after the results of the November election were known, the Republican party, which is normally in the ascendancy in the Northwest, began to plan for the 1920 campaign. In some states, particularly in Minnesota, the party organization was retained intact or even increased, and steps were taken to organize each precinct for the coming fight. The opposition forces hope to build up an organization which will rival that of Tammany and with which they may counteract the organization of the farmers. They have also enlisted the aid of the national committee, as well as other forces, personal and financial, which they may count upon to be interested in the defeat of the Nonpartisan League. Dropping the old cry of "disloyalty," they are now making attempts through the daily press to connect the League with the Bolshevist movement in the minds of the voters. In every way they are resorting to a campaign of "education." But they are not satisfied with this method alone. In some of the states, Minnesota again taking the lead, a special armed "motor corps," composed of and officered by business and professional men, has been provided for by law, which the League press claims is directed against themselves and organized labor. Bills also have been introduced into the state legislatures making it unlawful to display any except official banners or to stage unauthorized demonstrations. All of this is reminiscent of the pre-election "reign of terror" when, on more than two hundred occasions in the Northwest, League meetings were dispersed or prevented and members were abused and attacked.

A subtle, but significant, movement on the part of the vested interests is to amend the direct primary laws in the Northwest states so as to reestablish the old method of nomination by conventions. If these bills become laws the League will be deprived in large part of direct access to the people through the ballot, but possibly it may also stir up a larger revolt on the part of the people against American Prussianism.

It may be asked what motives could any group of people have in going to the extremes here outlined to retain political control. Who is back of this organized opposition? The people actually opposing the League are not standing openly before the people in their true character. But practically everybody in the Northwest understands that it is the big business interests, led by the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, the grain and cattle interests, the milling interests, the banks, the railroads, and even the small retail merchants in the towns, who are back of this attack. One of the interesting exhibits of the warfare in 1918 was the way in which the retailers, bankers, newspapers and practically all the other businesses in the small towns lined up almost solidly with the big business interests of the cities against the menace of this agrarian League. As one of the League organs said, it proves the general recognition of the close community of interests between the middleman and the overhanging capitalistic system.

The motives are becoming as clear as the line-up. In the past the ostensible campaign has been against the "disloyalty" of the League. Following Senator LaFollette's famous St. Paul speech under the auspices of the League, big business had as a free gift the most effective ostensible issue it could possibly obtain at the time. But this issue is waning. The action of the Senate in clearing Mr. LaFollette of disloyalty merely parallels the action of the state Supreme Court of Minnesota in dismissing charges of violations of the Espionage act against Mr. Townley and other League officials. Now another plausible but unreal motive must be found. When the criticism of Mr. LaFollette was at its height a prominent business man of the Northwest is said to have remarked jocularly to his friends that they ought to make the Wisconsin Senator a handsome present along with a proffer of their deepest gratitude.

Will some one else rise to give them an issue with which to fight the next campaign? There are a number of minor issues, such as the fact that Mr. Townley and other leaders of the League are reported to have been or are now members of the Socialist party, that the legislation of North Dakota is "Socialistic," that the League is the advance guard of Bolshevism in the United States. But these epithets and characterizations will not deceive many people who are not eager to be fooled. The effective false issue is yet to be found, but one will be discovered, if possible.

The League is not sleeping, however. In December, state organizations from League territory sent representatives to St. Paul for a general staff consultation. They have not disclosed the results of this conference held behind closed doors. But one of the first things the League did afterwards was to take an impartial referendum on the presidency of Mr. Townley of the Nonpartisan League. The result was in the ratio of 90,000 for Mr. Townley to 900 against him. Thus they disposed of the claim that their leader was self-imposed against the will of the members of the League. This step was much more important than it might at first seem, for the generalship of Mr. Townley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is of the Napoleonic character. If his soldiers could be disaffected the League would easily be crushed. Another strategic move of the League was to form a union with the city workers. All sorts of attempts were made to drive a separating wedge between this combine, but they uniformly failed. At last farmer and union laborer perceived that they have a common enemy. Without such a combination, success for the League would be impossible in the more urbanized states of the Northwest, such as Minnesota, and possibly could not be achieved in some of the more rural states. The League is also busy organizing its farmers, and renewed campaigns for this purpose may be expected. City workers will also be increasingly organized. A campaign of "education" goes forward with renewed vigor, the most important of all the League's war strategy lying in this field. Before the next campaign opens they expect to have daily newspapers in all the strategic places with large subscription lists among farmers and city workmen already established. At Fargo and Grand Forks such dailies are now in operation. The next ones to be established are expected to appear shortly in Minneapolis and Chicago, these last two to be supported by both farmers and union labor.

The next two years will be decisive in the Northwest. There may not be many explosions in the period of waiting before the 1920 campaigns, but the preparation for the struggle will continue to be intense. If the North Dakota experiments succeed a tremendous advantage will be gained for the League. Whether these programmes can be hamstrung through financial manipulations by big business, and through discrimination in transportation, in credit, etc., remains yet to be seen. With the disloyalty charge removed, or at least rendered innocuous, strong candidates may be expected to uphold the League banner. A few very prominent men of the John Lind type are believed to be strongly sympathetic. A year of calmer thinking will also work to the League's advantage. And not the least of the things to favor the League is the reactionary character of the present state legislatures in the Northwest, outside of North Dakota. If lucky accident does not happen to favor big business the League should be much stronger in 1920 than it was in 1918. A. K. HORWILL.

The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE SECOND

AT SEA VIEW, SUNDERING ON SEA.

§ 1.

IN an uncomfortable armchair of slippery black horsehair, in a mean apartment at Sundering on Sea, sat a sick man staring dully out of the window. It was an oppressive day, hot under a leaden sky; there was scarcely a movement in the air save for the dull thudding of the gun practice at Shorehamstow. A multitude of flies crawled and buzzed fitfully about the room, and ever and again some chained-up cur in the neighborhood gave tongue to its discontent. The window looked down upon a vacant building lot, a waste of scorched grass and rusty rubbish surrounded by a fence of barrel staves and barbed wire. Between the ruinous notice-board of some pre-war building enterprise and the gaunt verandah of a convalescent home, on which the motionless blue forms of two despondent wounded men in deck chairs were visible, came the sea view which justified the name of the house; beyond a wide waste of mud over which quivered the heat-tormented air; the still anger of the heavens lowered down to meet in a line of hard conspiracy, the steely criminality of the remote deserted sea.

The man in the chair flapped his hand and spoke. "You accursed creature," he said. "Why did God make flies?"

After a long interval he sighed deeply and repeated: "*Why?*"

He made a fitful effort to assume a more comfortable position, and relapsed at last into his former attitude of brooding despondency.

When presently his landlady came in to lay the table for lunch, an almost imperceptible wincing alone betrayed his sense of the threatening swish and emphasis of her movements. She was manifestly heated by cooking, and a smell of burnt potatoes had drifted in with her appearance. She was a meagre little woman with a resentful manner, glasses pinched her sharp red nose, and as she spread out the gray-white diaper and rapped down the knives and forks in their places she glanced at him darkly as if his inattention aggrieved her. Twice she was moved to speak and did not do so, but at length she could endure his indifference no longer. "Still feeling ill I suppose, Mr. 'Uss?" she said, in the manner of one who knows only too well what the answer will be.

He started at the sound of her voice, and gave her his attention as if with an effort. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Croome?"

The landlady repeated with acerbity, "I arst if you was still feeling ill, Mr. 'Uss."

He did not look at her when he replied, but glanced towards her out of the corner of his eyes. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I am. I am afraid I am ill." She made a noise of unfriendly confirmation that brought his face round to her. "But mind you, Mrs. Croome, I don't want Mrs. Huss worried about it. She has enough to trouble her just now. Quite enough."

"Misfortunes don't ever come singly," said Mrs. Croome

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with quiet satisfaction, leaning across the table to brush some spilt salt from off the cloth to the floor. She was not going to make any rash promises about Mrs. Huss.

"We 'ave to bear up with what is put upon us," said Mrs. Croome. "We 'ave to find strength where strength is to be found."

She stood up and regarded him with pensive malignity. "Very likely all you want is a tonic of some sort. Very likely you've just let yourself go. I shouldn't be surprised."

The sick man gave no welcome to this suggestion.

"If you was to go round to the young doctor at the corner—Barrack isnameis—very likely he'd put you right. Everybody says he's very clever. Not that me and Croome put much faith in doctors. Nor need to. But you're in a different position."

The man in the chair had been to see the young doctor at the corner twice already, but he did not want to discuss that interview with Mrs. Croome just then. "I must think about it," he said evasively.

"After all it isn't fair to yourself, it isn't fair to others, to sicken—it might be anything—without proper advice. Sitting there and doing nothing. Especially in lodgings at this time of year. It isn't, well—not what I call considerate."

"Exactly," said Mr. Huss weakly.

"There's homes and hospitals properly equipped."

The sick man nodded his head appreciatively.

"If things are nipped in the bud they're nipped in the bud, otherwise they grow and make trouble."

It was exactly what her hearer was thinking.

Mrs. Croome ducked to her cellarette of a gaunt sideboard and rapped out a whiskey bottle, a bottle of lime-juice, and a soda-water syphon upon the table. She surveyed her handiwork with a critical eye. "Cruet," she whispered, and vanished from the room, leaving the door, after a tormenting phase of creaking, to slam by its own weight behind her. . . .

The invalid raised his hand to his forehead and found it wet with perspiration. His hand was trembling violently. "My *God!*" he whispered. . . .

§ 2.

This man's name was Job Huss. His father had been called Job before him, and so far as the family tradition extended the eldest son had always been called Job. Four weeks ago he would have been esteemed by most people a conspicuously successful and enviable man, and then had come a swift rush of disaster.

He had been the headmaster of the great modern public school at Woldingstanton in Norfolk, a revived school under the Paper-makers Guild of the City of London; he had given himself without stint to its establishment and he had made a great name in the world for it and for himself. He had been the first English schoolmaster to liberate the modern side from the entanglement of its lower forms with the classical masters; it was the only school in England where Spanish and Russian were honestly taught; his science laboratories were the best school laboratories in Great Britain and perhaps in the world, and his new methods in the teaching of history and politics brought a steady stream of foreign enquirers to Woldingstanton. The hand of the adversary had touched him first just at the end of the summer term. There had been an epidemic of measles in which, through the inexplicable negligence of a trusted nurse, two boys had died. On the afternoon of the second of these deaths, an assistant master was killed by an explosion in the chemical laboratory. Then on the very last night of the term came the School House fire, in which two of the younger boys were burnt to death.

Against any single one of these misfortunes Mr. Huss and his school might have maintained an unbroken front, but their quick succession had a very shattering effect. Every circumstance conspired to make these events vividly dreadful to Mr. Huss. He had been the first to come to the help of his chemistry master, who had fallen among some carboys of acid; and though still alive and struggling, was blinded, nearly faceless, and hopelessly mangled. The poor fellow died before he could be extricated. On the night of the fire Mr. Huss strained himself internally and bruised his foot very painfully, and he himself found and carried out the charred body of one of the two little victims from the room in which they had been trapped by the locking of a door during some "last day" ragging. It added an element of exasperating inconvenience to his greater distresses that all his papers and nearly all his personal possessions were burnt.

On the morning after the fire Mr. Huss's solicitor committed suicide. He was an old friend to whom Mr. Huss had entrusted the complete control of the savings that were to secure him and Mrs. Huss a dignified old age. The lawyer was a man of strong political feelings and liberal views, and he had bought roubles to his utmost for Mr. Huss as for himself, in order to demonstrate his confidence in the Russian revolution.

All these things had a quite sufficiently disorganizing effect upon Mr. Huss; upon his wife the impression they made was altogether disastrous. She was a worthy but emotional lady, effusive rather than steadfast. Like the wives of most schoolmasters, she had been habitually preoccupied with matters of domestic management for many years, and her first reaction was in the direction of a bitter economy, mingled with a display of contempt she had never manifested hitherto for her husband's practical ability. Far better would it have been for Mr. Huss if she had broken down altogether; she insisted upon directing everything, and doing so with a sort of pitiful vehemence that brooked no contradiction. It was impossible to stay at Woldingstanton through the vacation, in sight of the tragic and blackened ruins of School House, and so she decided upon Sundering on Sea because of its nearness and its pre-war reputation for cheapness. There, she announced, her husband must "pull himself together and pick up," and then return to the rebuilding of School House and the rehabilitation of the school. Many formalities had to be gone through before the building could be put in hand, for in those days Britain was at the extremity of her war effort and labor and material were unobtainable without special permits and great exertion. Sundering on Sea was as convenient a place as anywhere from which to write letters, but his idea of going to London to see influential people was resisted by Mrs. Huss on the score of the expense, and overcome when he persisted in it by a storm of tears.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On her arrival at Sundering Mrs. Huss put up at the Railway Hotel for the night, and spent the next morning in a stern visitation of possible lodgings. Something in the unassuming outlook of Sea View attracted her, and after a long dispute she was able to beat down Mrs. Croome's demand for five to four and a half guineas a week. That afternoon some importunate visitor in an extremity of homelessness—for there had been a sudden rush of visitors to Sundering—offered six guineas. Mrs. Croome tried to call off her first bargain, but Mrs. Huss was obdurate, and thereafter all the intercourse of landlady and her lodgers went to the unspoken refrain of "I get four and a half guineas and I ought to get six." To recoup herself Mrs. Croome attempted to make extra charges for the use of the bathroom, for cooking after five o'clock, for cleaning Mr. Huss's brown boots with specially bought brown cream instead of blacking and for the ink used by him in his very voluminous correspondence; upon all of which points there was much argument and bitterness.

But a heavier blow than any they had hitherto experienced was now to fall upon Mr. and Mrs. Huss. Job in the ancient story had seven sons and three daughters, and they were all swept away. This Job was to suffer a sharper thrust; he had but one dear only son, a boy of great promise, who had gone into the Royal Flying Corps. News came that he had been shot down over the German lines.

Unhappily there had been a conflict between Mr. and Mrs. Huss about this boy. Huss had been proud that the youngster should choose the heroic service; Mrs. Huss had done her utmost to prevent his joining it. The poor lady was now ruthless in her anguish. She railed upon him as the murderer of their child. She hoped he was pleased with his handiwork. He could count one more name on his list; he could add it to the roll of honor in the chapel "with the others." Her *baby* boy! This said, she went wailing from the room.

The wretched man sat confounded. That "with the others" cut him to the heart. For the school chapel had a list of V.C.'s, D.C.M.'s and the like, second to none, and it had indeed been a pride to him.

For some days his soul was stunned. He was utterly exhausted and lethargic. He could hardly attend to the most necessary letters. From dignity, hope, and a great sheaf of activities, his life had shrunken abruptly to the compass of this dingy lodging, pervaded by the squabbling of two irrational women; his work in the world was in ruins; he had no strength left in him to struggle against fate. And a vague internal pain crept slowly into his consciousness.

His wife, insane now and cruel with sorrow, tried to put a great quarrel upon him about wearing mourning for their son. He had always disliked and spoken against these pomps of death, but she insisted that whatever callousness he might display she at least must wear black. He might, she said, rest assured that she would spend no more money than the barest decency required; she would buy the cheapest material and make it up in her bedroom. But black she must have. This resolution led straight to a conflict with Mrs. Croome, who objected to her best bedroom being littered with bits of black stuff, and cancelled the loan of her sewing-machine. The mourning should be made, Mrs. Huss insisted, though she had to sew every stitch of it by hand. And the poor distraught lady in her silly parsimony made still deeper trouble for herself by cutting her material in every direction half an inch or more short of the paper pattern. She came almost to a physical tussle with Mrs. Croome because of the state of the carpet and counterpane, and Mrs. Croome did her utmost to drag Mr. Huss into an altercation upon the matter with her husband.

"Croome don't interfere much, but some things he or nobody ain't going to stand, Mr. 'Uss."

For some days in this battlefield of insatiable grief and petty cruelty, and with a dull pain steadily boring its way to recognition, Mr. Huss forced himself to carry on in a fashion the complex of business necessitated by the school disaster. Then in the night came a dream, as dreams sometimes will, to enlighten him upon his bodily condition. Projecting from his side he saw a hard white body that sent round, wormlike tentacles into every corner of his being. A number of doctors were struggling to tear this thing away from him. At every effort the pain increased.

He awoke, but the pain throbbed on.

He lay quite still. Upon the heavy darkness he saw the word "Cancer," bright red and glowing—as pain glows. . . .

He argued in the face of invincible conviction. He kept the mood conditional. "If it be so," he said, though he knew that the thing was so. What should he do? There would have to be operations, great expenses, enfeeblement. . . .

Whom could he ask for advice? Who would help him? . . .

Suppose in the morning he were to take a bathing ticket as if he meant to bathe, and struggle out beyond the mud flats—! He could behave as though cramp had taken him suddenly. . . .

Five minutes of suffocation he would have to force himself through, and then *peace*—endless peace!

"No," he said with a sudden gust of courage. "I will fight it out to the end."

But his mind was too dull to form plans and physically he was afraid. He would have to find a doctor somehow, and even that little task appalled him.

Then he would have to tell Mrs. Huss. . . .

For a time he lay quite still as if he listened to the alternative swell and diminuendo of his pain.

"Oh! if I had someone to help me!" he whispered, and was overcome by the lonely misery of his position. "If I had some one!"

For years he had never wept, but now tears were wrung from him. He rolled over and buried his face in the pillow and tried to wriggle his body away from that steady gnawing; he fretted as a child might do.

The night about him was as it were a great watching presence that would not help nor answer.

§ 3.

Behind the brass plate at the corner which said "Dr. Elihu Barrack," Mr. Huss found a hard, competent young man, who had returned from the war to his practice at Sundering after losing a leg. The mechanical substitute

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seemed to have taken to him very kindly. He appeared to be both modest and resourceful; his unfavorable diagnosis was all the more convincing because it was tentative and conditional. He knew the very specialist for the case; no less a surgeon than Sir Alpheus Mengo came, it happened, quite frequently to play golf on the Sundering links. It would be easy to arrange for him to examine Mr. Huss in Dr. Barrack's little consulting room, and if an operation had to be performed it could be managed with a minimum of expense in Mr. Huss' own lodging without any extra charge for mileage and the like.

"Of course," said Mr. Huss, "of course," with a clear vision of Mrs. Croome confronted with the proposal.

Sir Alpheus Mengo came down the next Saturday, and made a clandestine examination. He decided to operate the following week-end. Mr. Huss was left at his own request to break the news to his wife, and to make the necessary arrangements for this use of Mrs. Croome's rooms. But it was two days before he could bring himself to broach the matter.

He sat now listening to the sounds of his wife moving about in the bedroom overhead, and to the muffled crashes that intimated the climax of Mrs. Croome's preparation of the midday meal. He heard her calling upstairs to know whether Mrs. Huss was ready for her to serve up. He was seized with panic as a schoolboy might be who had not prepared his lesson. He tried hastily to frame some introductory phrases, but nothing would come into his mind save terms of disgust and lamentation. The sullen heat of the day mingled in one impression with his pain. He was nauseated by the smell of cooking. He felt it would be impossible to sit up at table and pretend to eat the meal of burnt bacon and potatoes that was all too evidently coming.

It came. Its progress along the passage was announced by a clatter of dishes. The door was opened by a kick. Mrs. Croome put the feast upon the table with something between defense and defiance in her manner. "What else," she seemed to intimate, "could one expect for four and a half guineas a week in the very height of the season? From a woman who could have got six?"

"Your dinner's there," Mrs. Croome called upstairs to Mrs. Huss in tones of studied negligence, and then retired to her own affairs in the kitchen, slamming the door behind her.

The room quivered down to silence, and then Mr. Huss could hear the footsteps of his wife crossing the bedroom and descending the staircase.

Mrs. Huss was a dark, graceful, and rather untidy lady of seven and forty, with the bridling bearing of one who habitually repels implicit accusations. She lifted the lid of the vegetable dish. "I thought I smelt burning," she said. "The woman is impossible."

She stood by her chair, regarding her husband and waiting.

He rose reluctantly, and transferred himself to a seat at table.

It had always been her custom to carve. She now prepared to serve him. "No," he said, full of loathing. "I can't eat. I *can't.*"

She put down the table-spoon and fork she had just raised, and regarded him with eyes of dark disapproval.

"It's all we can get," she said.

He shook his head. "It isn't that."

"I don't know what you expect me to get for you here," she complained. "The tradesmen don't know us—and don't care."

"It isn't that. I'm ill."

"It's the heat. We are all ill. Everyone. In such weather as this. It's no excuse for not making an effort, situated as we are."

"I mean I am really ill. I am in pain."

She looked at him as one might look at an unreasonable child. He was constrained to a more definite statement.

"I suppose I must tell you sooner or later. I've had to see a doctor."

"Without consulting me!"

"I thought if it turned out to be fancy I needn't bother you."

"But how did you find a doctor?"

"There's a fellow at the corner. Oh! it's no good making a long story of it. I have cancer. . . . Nothing will do but an operation." Self-pity wrung him. He controlled a violent desire to cry. "I am too ill to eat. I ought to be lying down."

She flopped back in her chair and stared at him as one stares at some hideous monstrosity. "Oh!" she said. "To have cancer now! In these lodgings!"

"I can't *help* it," he said in accents that were almost a whine. "I didn't choose the time."

"*Cancer!*" she cried reproachfully. "The horror of it!"

He looked at her for a moment with hate in his heart. He saw under her knitted brows dark and hostile eyes that had once sparkled with affection, he saw a loose mouth with downturned corners that had been proud and pretty, and this mask of dislike was projecting forward upon a neck he had used to call her head-stalk, so like had it seemed to the stem of some pretty flower. She had had lovely shoulders and an impudent humor; and now the skin upon her neck and shoulders had a little loosened and she was no longer impudent but harsh. Her brows were moist with heat, and her hair more than usually astray.

But these things did not increase, they mitigated his antagonism. They did not repel him as defects; they hurt him as wounds received in a common misfortune. Always he had petted and spared and rejoiced in her vanity and weakness, and now as he realized the full extent of her selfish abandonment a protective pity arose in his heart that overcame his physical pain. It was terrible to see how completely her delicacy and tenderness of mind had been broken down. She had neither the strength nor the courage left even for an unselfish thought. And he could not help her; whatever power he had possessed over her mind had gone long ago. His magic had departed.

Latterly he had been thinking very much of her prospects if he were to die. In some ways his death might be a good thing for her. He had an endowment assurance running that would bring in about seven thousand pounds immediately at his death, but which would otherwise involve heavy annual payments for some years. So far, to die would be clear gain. But who would invest this money

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for her and look after her interests? She was, he knew, very silly about property; suspicious of people she knew intimately and greedy and credulous with strangers. He had helped to make her incompetent, and he owed it to her to live and protect her if he could. And behind that intimate and immediate reason for living he had a strong sense of work in the world yet to be done by him, and a task in education still incomplete.

He spoke with his chin in his hand, and his eyes staring at the dark and distant sea. "An operation," he said, "might cure me."

Her thoughts, it became apparent, had been travelling through some broken and unbeautiful country roughly parallel with the course of his own. "But need there be an operation?" she thought aloud. "Are they ever any good?"

"I could die," he admitted bitterly, and repented as he spoke.

There had been times, he remembered, when she had said and done sweet and gallant things, poor soul! poor broken companion! And now she had fallen into a darkness far greater than his. He had feared that he had hurt her, and then when he saw that she was not hurt and that she scrutinized his face eagerly as if she weighed the sincerity of his words, his sense of utter loneliness was completed.

Over his mean drama of pain and debasement in its close atmosphere buzzing with flies, it was as if some gigantic and remorseless being watched him as a man of science might hover over some experiment, and marked his life and all his world. "You are alone," this brooding witness counselled, "you are utterly alone. *Curse God and die.*"

It seemed a long time before Mr. Huss answered this imagined voice, and when he answered it he spoke as if he addressed his wife alone.

"*No,*" he said with sudden decisiveness. "No. I will face that operation. . . . We are ill and our hearts are faint. Neither for you, dear, nor for me must our story finish in this fashion. No. I shall go on to the end."

"And have your operation here?"

"In this house. It is by far the most convenient place, as things are."

"You may die here!"

"Well, I shall die fighting."

"Leaving me here with Mrs. Croome."

His temper broke under her reply. "Leaving you here with Mrs. Croome," he said harshly.

He got up. "I can eat nothing," he repeated, and dropped back sullenly into the horsehair armchair.

There was a long silence, and then he heard the little almost mouselike movements of his wife as she began her meal. For a while he had forgotten the dull ache within him, but now, glowing and fading and glowing, it made its way back into his consciousness. He was helpless and perplexed; he had not meant to quarrel. He had hurt this poor thing who had been his love and companion; he had bullied her. His clogged brain could think of nothing to set matters right. He stared with dull eyes at a world utterly hateful to him.

H. G. WELLS.

VERSE

The Funeral

When I am dead
Lay me not straightly in a lidded bed,
A dark cell, satin walled,
(Satin has always set my nerves on edge).
Heap me not with the heavy scented pledge
Of pallid lilies, fresias' waxy bloom,
Narcissus (always in a room
Their breath has sickened me).
Let not my friends be called,
And others who have never been my friends,
To crowd, uneasy, in the close, hushed gloom
Of shutters which outprison sun and breezes,
While in a corner where he has been shoved,
Suave and black gloved,
And glad,
The undertaker servilely attends,
And one I hardly knew
Pays tribute to the things I did not do,
Chants comfort with a solemn-voiced appeal,
For grief, he says, that no one ought to feel.

For restlessly
I'll tickle a child's nose until he sneezes;
And if the music's strain be slow and drear,
I'll break the wailing voice of one who sings,
And snap maliciously the viol's strings.
Low in the ear
Of one who was most near
I'll whisper whimsies not to be withstood,
Till a shrill giggle, sending tension slack,
Pulls it so swiftly taut it waits to crack.
Those who have loved me not
I'll smile to hear,
In a dry agony,
Strangely embarrassed, praying for a tear;
But the red eyes of those whom I held dear
Shall shame themselves and me.

Rattle me not, a grim procession's head,
On rough roads to the still, green covered plot
Where the dead
Lie and rot.

When I am dead
Give me the kind, swift flames to set me free;
And in the empty room I leave behind
In the spilled sun set roses red,
And let a lazy wind
Drift the light curtains gladly
To and fro.

Although
If I should be elected
To be vivisected,
I should be interested and proud.
Oh, anything is better than monuments erected
And a shroud.

CAROLYN C. WILSON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zionism: Democracy or Prussianism

MR. COHEN attacks, not Zionism the measure of relief, but Zionism the expression of a "nationalist philosophy." Ostensibly, it is this philosophy which horrifies Mr. Cohen. Now it happens that this philosophy is as widespread as civilization, that it permeates all peoples, particularly oppressed peoples; that it utters a state of mind and feeling basic to established as well as aspiring nationalities. Nor are Americans of the ruling class unendowed with it. Like other philosophies, even "liberalism," it rests upon premises in nature and in human experience and aspiration which can be used to establish conclusions that are paranoia and fantasy. Such are the conclusions of Chamberlain's Teutonism and Katkoff's Slavism. But there is as little reason in identifying those with the normal "nationalist philosophy" of Zionism as there is in identifying Lloyd George, who is one of its defenders, with William Hohenzollern, or England with Germany, or a normal man with a lunatic. The Jewish nationality is only one among very many which has a programme of regeneration and freedom resting upon the common normal nationalist philosophy. That Mr. Cohen should choose to pervert that, rather than the programme of any other—say the Poles or Greeks or Italians, as he might, with better reason, do—is an unconscious admission of the truths envisaged in "nationalist philosophy" which even liberals of Mr. Cohen's kind might profitably ponder.

To the contentions Mr. Cohen offers in support of his caricature of Zionism the facts compel a categorical denial. It is simply false that "Zionism rests on a nationalist philosophy which is a direct challenge to liberalism." The nationalist philosophy of Zionism is an extension of the assumptions of liberalism from the individual to the group. It antedated the "liberalism of the French Revolution" by a thousand years, and only changed, as Spinoza suggested that it might, from a religious to a political mode in consequence of that Revolution. Of course, it is "anti-assimilationist." Pan-Germanism, pan-Slavism, and all the panic movements are assimilationist. They refuse to minorities the right of association in communities of speech, of custom, tradition and culture according to their own lights and ways. They want to Germanize, Slavonize, Magyarize; and they have their echoes in America. Democracy is anti-assimilationist. It stands for the acknowledgment, the harmony and organization of group diversities in cooperative expansion of the common life, not for the assimilation of diversities into sameness. Zionism is anti-assimilationist because it is democratic, because it has enough faith in "the progress of the slow movement known as enlightenment," to apply its teachings to groups as well as to individuals. Had Mr. Cohen spoken from observation rather than passion, he would have known these things. Through more than a millennium and a half the Jewish people were subject to disabilities, individual and collective, either because they were held to belong to an alien creed or because they were held to belong to a "foreign" nation or both. Liberation from these disabilities was conditional upon conversion, assimilation—both surrender of conscience and alienation from relatives, friends and community—that is, upon repudiating the essential rights of freedom of thought and of association. If enlightenment has meant anything at all, it has meant the progressive confirmation of these two rights. In the life of the peoples of Europe their assertion was the concrete expression of "the cosmopolitan reason and enlightenment which overthrew medievalism." The nationalism which is only another name for them was a development of, not a reaction against, the spirit of the French Revolution. It was that spirit which all over the continent of Europe fought both the imperialism of Napoleon and the oppression of the dynasts. Democracy and nationalism made up a single engine of liberalism; they were together against the oppressor. The prophet and philosopher of this nationalism is not Chamberlain, not Katkoff, but Mazzini, and the sum of his teaching might be uttered in a slight modification of the Declaration of Independence: all nationalities are created equal and endowed with certain inalienable rights; among their rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

This is the whole Zionist ideology. Zionists have opposed it on the one hand to the clerics of the reformed synagogue who do not in fact "fundamentally accept the ideology of Chamberlain and Katkoff, but draw different conclusions," preaching the arrogant doctrine of the "mission of Israel," and on the other to the protagonists of this anti-Semitic ideology itself. To both the Zionists have said: "The Jews are a historic people among other peoples, neither better nor worse. They have their national qualities which their past attests and which afford some indication of the future. They are entitled equally with any other to express their qualities freely and autonomously as a group, making such contribution to the cooperative enterprise of civilization as their qualities as a group promise." Nobody who has read Ruppin and Zollschan, who have met the ethnological attack, nor the host of writers (whose dean is Ha'ad Ha'am) who have met the religious and cultural attack, could have failed to know this, nor to recognize the true liberalism of which it is an extension. For the naturalistic cosmopolitanism of the eighteenth century analyzed the living groupings of mankind into abstract individuals—"natural" men, and the economic internationalism of the nineteenth into equally abstract individuals—"economic" men, laborers, capitalists. Both failed to see that individuality was not congenital but achieved, and that all men depend in their beginnings on a society which is a *natio* before it is anything else. Its power in the history of democratic times, against the appeal of all other sorts of associations, should have opened their eyes, but did not. It cannot be disposed of merely by refutation of absurd dialectic aberrations or eugenic claims based on it. Whether races or nationalities are of "pure" breed or not, they exist, associations deriving from a real or credited predominant heredity, an intimate sameness of background, tradition, custom and aspiration. Genuine liberalism requires for them the same freedom of development and expression as for the individual indeed, in requiring it for the individual, it must necessarily require it for them. They are the essential reservoirs of individuality. This is why seven, I think, of the eight men whom Mr. Cohen names have immediately behind them the highly integrated, autonomous and exclusive life of the Ghetto. Zionism might be described as aiming to conserve, under far more favorable than Ghetto conditions, the values of such a type of reservoir.

For the sources of cultures are in those types, and no-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where else. Thus, the language of the Roman conqueror was absorbed by the Spanish and Portuguese no less than by the French. It underlies Italian also. But what mankind prizes in the spirits and literatures of these peoples is just that diversity which comes from Latin having been used by peoples of different breeds, traditions and habits. Perhaps Mr. Cohen's liberalism would have been satisfied with a universal Latinity. Medieval religious imperialism and scholastic pedantry did their best to enforce that. Nevertheless, true liberals do not regret that Dante's Italian, and Cervantes's Spanish and Camoëns's Portuguese exist beside Molière's French and St. Thomas's Latin. They know that the alternative to diversity of cultures is cultural imperialism, of which, modernly, the Prussians have illustrated the possibilities both in fact and in theory. They have their imitators, and the Jews have suffered for their rejection of this imperialism from ancient times to the present day. It is slander to attribute to the Zionists anything beyond the wish for international service through national freedom.

And why should they not believe that this service and freedom may best come in Palestine? The idea that Palestine is the Jewish land and the Jews are the Palestinian people is a part of the two thousands years' continuous tradition of Europe. The "return to Jerusalem" is the very heart of the Jewish tradition over the same period, of the governance of their lives and of their power to survive the immolations they were forced to undergo. But, dogmatizes Mr. Cohen, "nationalistic Zionism demands not complete individual liberty for the Jew but group autonomy." Then he deduces, via an irresponsible editorial from a defunct Jewish paper that this "must necessarily" mean conscription of conscience by a tribal religion, an illiberal control of life, the ignoring of "the rights of the vast non-Jewish population of Palestine." Nothing could be falser. Nationalistic Zionism demands not only group autonomy, but complete individual liberty for the Jew *as Jew*. It points to the fact that what Mr. Cohen calls enlightenment has failed —and evidently Mr. Cohen wants it to persist in this failure—because it has offered the Jew complete individual liberty on condition that he cease being a Jew. Zionism extends the principle of enlightenment by requiring for the Jew complete individual liberty not only as an abstract "human being" of ambiguous nationality, but also as a Jew. Zionism asserts the principle of freedom of association. Perhaps the most dramatic exemplification of it on record came at the American Jewish Congress in Philadelphia, where duly elected representatives of all Jewish parties in America assumed responsibility for the Zionist programme. Upon the demand of the "red" section of the Congress an unscheduled speaker was added to the programme. In the course of his address he assaulted orthodoxy in such a way as bitterly to offend the orthodox, who interrupted him. They permitted him to conclude on the representation of one of their own party that their pride had always been toleration of differences. I doubt whether there is a parallel among other churches, whether of traditional religions or socialism. Now this was a responsible and representative action; but Mr. Cohen calls attention to an irresponsible and unrepresentative writer. Again, had Mr. Cohen been truly moved by a liberal spirit in regard to Zionism he would have set against the "must necessarily" of his own irresponsible inferences the record of the responsible organization accomplishment. I refer to the subjoined programme of reconstruction unanimously adopted by the Zionist organization at its last convention and assented to by the Zionists of the world:

"The recent declarations of Great Britain, France, Italy, and others of the Allied democratic states have established the public recognition of the Jewish national home as an international fact.

"Therefore we desire to affirm anew the principles which have guided the Zionist movement since its inception. . . .

"First: Political and civil equality irrespective of race, sex or faith of all the inhabitants of the land.

"Second: To insure in the Jewish national home in Palestine equality of opportunity we favor a policy which, with due regard to existing rights, shall tend to establish the ownership and control of the land and of all natural resources and of all public utilities by the whole people.

"Third: All land, owned or controlled by the whole people, should be leased on such conditions as will insure the fullest opportunity for development and continuity of possession.

"Fourth: The cooperative principle should be applied so far as feasible in the organization of all agricultural, industrial, commercial and financial undertakings.

"Fifth: The fiscal policy should be framed so as to protect the people from the evils of land speculation and from every other form of financial oppression.

"Sixth: The system of free public instruction which is to be established should embrace all grades and departments of education.

"Seventh: The medium of public instruction shall be Hebrew, the national language of the Jewish people."

The Zionists obviously do not contemplate at any point the programme Mr. Cohen so liberally maps out for them. But Mr. Cohen infers that unless they do, "a Jewish Palestine would soon lose its very reason for existence." The Zionists are confident enough to leave this to the decision of events. The homeland they seek to establish for the Jews in Palestine has the endorsement of both the governments and the peoples of the Allied democracies. It has their endorsement because they do believe that it will solve the Jewish problem, solve it precisely because it will facilitate the adjustment of "the members of a certain historic group" to the majorities among whom they live. It will do this because it will create the prerequisite thereto, and the prerequisite to the liberation of the individual is the liberation of the group to which he by birth belongs. As a consequence of the disfranchisement of the Jewish people as such, a millennium and a half ago, the position of the individual Jew became civically ambiguous, particularly in eastern Europe. He was part of an *imperium in impero*, at one and the same time both a subject and not a subject of Russia, Rumania, Poland, Germany or France. He was without an explicit or unmistakable centre of reference, and again and again this situation was maliciously used to impugn his loyalties and allegiances. The creation of the homeland in Palestine will restore the Jewish people as such to the status of equality with other peoples which Christian Europe had robbed them of. It will thus clear up the ambiguity of the status of the individual Jew. It will enable Mr. Cohen or any other to say without being doubted: "I do belong with those people there" or "I do not belong with those people there," as does the Frenchman, Pole or Italian. If nationality does not constitute a problem for these migrants as for the Jews, it is because actual majorities of them do inhabit politically definite areas generally acknowledged to be their homelands. Their status is not ambiguous. The Jew in America or elsewhere will not be free to "adjust himself harmoniously" with the non-Jew until he also becomes unambiguous. The reestablishment of the Jewish homeland will make it so and it is thus an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

essential element in the "harmonious adjustment of the Jew to American life."

This life, just in so far as it has been liberal and liberating, has formed the dynamics and inspiration of the effort of American Jews in behalf of Zion, as it has of other European groups in behalf of collective freedom and collective self-expression in their ancestral lands. This is a freedom which for good or evil, they cannot attain and should not seek in America. Their utmost here is, as Mr. Cohen points out, to contribute their own past experience to the dominant cultural tradition and fuse their old community with the overruling one of the new place. The contribution, consequently, which the Jews or any other non-English peoples are likely in America to make to civilization is not Polish, nor French, nor German, nor Jewish, but American.

Only in cases where the Jewish community can survive and grow *in toto* as Jewish can the Jews' contribution to civilization be Jewish. The French or English or Italian contributions to civilization come from France and England and Italy, not from America. For obvious reasons each is more purely and essentially that and nothing else in the home country which is a living individuality of its particular kind, absorbing and assimilating influences from the whole world and making them over into the substance of its own flesh and spirit. What is achieved is a cause for pride and distinction in its children elsewhere, as our French alliances and Spanish societies and so on attest. Now it is a curious sort of liberalism which will concede this situation for the peoples mentioned and not for the Jews. Or, for that matter, for the Negroes. If the arguments for Palestine find their parallel on behalf of Liberia they do so no less on behalf of England and France and Germany and Italy and Russia.

In sum: Liberalism, according to Mr. Cohen, would require a Jew or an Englishman or Frenchman to owe allegiance to and take pride in any nationality but his own. Similarly it might require a man to love any woman but his wife. What Mr. Cohen calls liberalism turns out, under examination, to be very difficult to distinguish in its implications from Prussianism or cultural imperialism. What he calls tribalism turns out to be a perverse name for what in the political tradition of Europe and the aspiration of peoples has usually been called democracy. Of this tradition and aspiration Zionism is a part. It conceives human society as a democratic cooperative organization of nationalities, no less than of other forms of the association of men in the endeavor after life, liberty and happiness, and it claims for the Jews freedom and security in this type of association. It is the liberal world which acknowledges and assists this claim.

H. M. KALLEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Military Prisons

SIR: I wonder if it is generally known by the American public that there are at least twelve conscientious objectors now undergoing solitary confinement at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and that unless some action is taken these men may have to endure this degrading and barbarous form of punishment for an unlimited time.

The mere fact that solitary confinement is still an accepted form of punishment in our military prisons in this country is an inexcusable disgrace to an enlightened government. If we are so bankrupt for methods of dealing with nonconformists and recalcitrant individuals that we find it necessary to keep them in dark cells, on bread and water, where for twenty-four hours a day they are not permitted to read, write or talk, would it not be better to shoot them outright? In spite of the Congressional investigation of military court-martial procedure and a general strike on the part of the prisoners at Fort Leavenworth, the War Department still refuses to make any thoroughgoing or adequate reforms in our military prison system which is without excuse in a country which professes the humanity and idealism of America.

EVAN W. THOMAS.

New York City.

"Nationalized Women"

SIR: The Rev. Dr. Simmons has done his work well. Up and down the country his nasty story sneaks into the houses of the humble and unsuspicious and their honest hearts beat faster when they think of these terrible Bolsheviki who have "nationalized women." When I hear the dreary story (about half a dozen times a day) I invariably think back to the days of the old regime. It was the time of the enthusiastic banker and the delighted manufacturer meeting one per cent of the Russian population, charmingly arranged behind the teacups, telling us of the wonderful Slavic soul and the great natural resources of the immense country. During this period, in the pursuit of my journalistic duties, I was obliged to visit the Petersburg papers every evening between twelve and two. At that hour the glory of the day was safely hidden behind the high walls of the vast palaces. The streets were the dreary and exclusive domain of misery. Hunger ventured forth from its shambles, and, growling like wild animals of the jungle, men and women went forth to seek food and drink. At that time the capital of the House of Romanoff was filled with ambassadors, foreign business men and pious missionaries. They worked hard and seriously to keep Nicholas safely enshrined upon his ancestral throne. They collected billions to do it. They told the outside world much about the Russian Empire. They never commented upon one thing—the nationalization of the Russian women, through misery, hunger and want.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

New York City.

Grocery Bonds

SIR: It seems to me an interesting and significant commentary upon certain conditions which are uppermost in the public mind, that a neighbor of mine, a thrifty farmer, informs me he is getting more returns per annum on a $300.00 investment in the stock of a retail grocery store in the adjoining town, than he is from a $1,200.00 investment in Liberty Bonds. (Aside from any question of the depreciated market value of said bonds.) For all its triviality the matter offers so much food for reflection that I think it might well be considered by the New Republic's readers.

G. O. WILKINSON.

Blythe, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

OF all popular errors I take this to be the greatest and most gratuitous, namely, that it is darkest just before dawn. On the contrary, observation and introspection have convinced me that it is darkest just before dinner. I refer to spiritual darkness. How often in old days have I surveyed my evening clothes, tastefully disposed by Heber, my man, and how often have I loathed the sight! How often have I shrunk from getting into that creaking shirt, tieing that silly white tie, sullying the purity of one white waistcoat more! Don't misunderstand me. I yield to none in my liking for conspicuous waste, but what sense is there in waste that is not conspicuous? Often and often I have revolted against being an expensively clean unit lost in an expensively clean crowd. Even when I had bought and paid for my seat at a public dinner I have often torn up my ticket, bade Heber put back my things, and dined at home on a chop and a glass of sherry.

That was in the old days. Since July 1, 1919, my habits have changed. About five of a winter day I return to my rooms, where I often observe with sorrow that I am dining out, in public, with speeches. I don't have to look at my engagement pad. A glance at the corner of the library breaks the news. Bishop has laid out gin, both vermouths, whisky, soda, has he? That means a public dinner, and I spend a happy hour or two with these restoratives. By the time it's time to dress, my native manly distaste for public dinners is obscured, my inhibitive powers are low, my evening clothes are a suggestion I can't resist, and soon I am in a taxi, holding my meal ticket in my hand. Heber puts it there. He also tells the chauffeur where to go. At this hour such details have usually escaped me.

In its early stages a post-July-1919 dinner is not so bad. Instead of that numbness here, that forced cordiality there, one finds on all sides a sincere friendliness. Everybody has been spending his late afternoon as I've spent mine. Everybody is communicative and witty. Everybody's hand is glad. Everybody rejoices to be one of those present and almost nobody knows why we are present. Are we met to honor some genius whose mechanical inventions have not lightened the labor of a single human being? Some poet whose mother bore him in the New England desert a hundred years ago? Some captain of industry who would rather not die at all than die rich? Nobody can answer. The early stages of the dinner pass in friendly rivalry. We all try to guess why we are here.

Yes, and even in its later stages the post-July-1919 dinner has a certain superiority. The alcoholic mist is lifting instead of settling by speech-time. The silence of the hearers is natural, not artificial and reluctant, as it was in the old days. Speaking for myself and for others, I know we are never quieter than when we are sobering up. Perhaps the reason I never liked public dinners, old style, is that I was never in condition to hear accurately what the speakers were saying. Under the new system I don't quite get the earlier performers, which is just as well, but by the time the guest of the evening is on his legs I'd rather listen than talk. The other night, for example, at what I finally discovered to be a literary dinner, I heard a speech which I should have been sorry to miss. Here it is:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Sitting here this evening, and listening to the speakers who have praised, in words more eloquent than any I may hope to find, him whom to do honor to whom we have come together to honor, the thought has been born in me, I would say borne in on me, that were he with us today he would be exactly one hundred years young. [Applause]. This, if I may say so, is perhaps the peculiar charm of all centenaries, that they deal fearlessly yet at the same time accurately in round numbers, in numbers as round as that world across one of the unfooted seas of which I have voyaged to meet you tonight. For many years now it has been a laudable practice, in that country which I have been all the prouder to call mine since I have seen face to face this country of which it is one of the parents, for many years it has been the practice, when we celebrate the centenary of one of those immortal dead who live again in minds made absent by their presence, to invite some American sojourner in our midst to bear with us the burden and heat of the birthday. [Laughter and applause]. Among my earliest adult memories was the tears to which an American Ambassador moved me, one unforgettable evening at King's Sutton, by his pathetic eulogy of the melodious inspirer of Coleridge, William Lisle Bowles. [Cheers]. There is thus a fitting reciprocity, there is that another which one good turn has been said to deserve, in the events which have sent an Englishman among you to lay his wreath on the bier of one whom you must know, I know, yet better than I, although my own youth was nourished on the pages of Henry Russell Whittier. [Prolonged applause]. Not unadvisedly did I speak just now, when I said, in what may have seemed a conventionally modest phrase, that England is only one of America's parents. To be both parents is a privilege rarely reserved for one mortal or for one country. England has counted for much in the nativity of America, no country more. Yet she did not alone work that miracle which is the United States. No, my friends, no. Your national pedigree must read, when the final column is added and the last tide has turned, the United States of America, by England, out of the virgin wilderness. [Tumult and shouting].

Ladies and gentlemen, one hundred and twenty years ago these two lands, America and England, stood aloof, the scars remaining, like cliffs which had been rent asunder. How he whose day is today would have marvelled at the change! The healing lapse of time, busily knitting a bridge across that chasm, has united the two Anglo-Saxon countries with hooks of steel. This fact, for fact it is, would to James Greenleaf Longfellow's contemporaries have seemed a vision more wonderful than his own Sir Launfal's; worthy to be immortalized after the good old epic fashion in the verse of his own Evangeline, than which there are in English no collection of hexameters of equal length, save possibly that made in the Bothie of Tober-Na-Vuolich by the late Arthur Hugh Clough. [Loud laughter]. United the two nations stand today, united by blood, by a common past, by a yet more common future. Maud Muller herself, in her own immortal phrase, would have cherished the mere wish for such an union as "a wish that she hardly dared to own." [Prolonged cheers. Cries of "Maud! Maud! Maud!"]. Ladies and gentlemen, not as a stranger, but as an Englishman and a brother, I ask you to join me in drinking a cup of ginger ale to the memory of one who had as much love for both our countries as many of us have for either, to the memory of John Wadsworth Lowell. [Cheer upon cheer].

A speech like that is an inspiration. I remember using some such phrase to one of my neighbors, before our gathering dispersed. "Blodgett," said I, "such a speech is more than an event. It is an inspiration." Those were my very words. P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freedom at the Crossroads

Proposed Roads to Freedom, by Bertrand Russell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

WHEN Bertrand Russell published this book in England he called it Roads to Freedom. The weasel word "proposed" is introduced into the title in America. Englishmen, it seems, can stand being told that freedom must be reached by such roads as Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism. This hypothesis, which is Mr. Russell's plain hypothesis, apparently has to be sugared over for Americans. In America the well-off public is nowhere being urged to inquire what Socialism and Anarchism and Syndicalism really imply. The well-off American public is being told on all sides, by practically everybody, to transfer their hatred of the Hun to a hatred of the Bolshevist. What is Bolshevism? It is the modern variation of the epithet "communism." It is a contemptuous and hostile word with which to stigmatize the methods of those who are working for a social revolution. But what is the social revolution thus repudiated? Mr. Russell's Roads to Freedom is an answer. He has nothing to say about Bolshevism. The word Bolshevist does not occur in his book. But his book is in no sense an argument against social revolution. It is a powerful, sober, competent argument in favor of social revolution. Not for one moment does he disguise his belief that only by accepting the lessons of Socialism and Anarchism, plus a better education for mankind, can we avoid the evils inherent in our present system and bring forth a better world.

The respectable anti-Bolshevist ought to read this book. It is an antidote to hysteria. Mr. Russell does not seek to ram his opinions down his reader's throat. "The ultimate goal of any reformer who aims at liberty," he says, "can only be reached through persuasion." But while he is gently persuasive and wholly without rancor and hatred, he does not flinch from the conviction that our present world, the world to which we Americans are habituated and for which we are now so fearful, has got to go. He is not an orthodox Socialist. He believes that orthodox Socialists inculcate hatred recklessly and at the same time do not acknowledge the envy and competitiveness and love of power which are deep in human nature. But he agrees with both Socialists and Anarchists that private property is a root evil. "I believe," he declares, "that the abolition of private ownership of land and capital is a necessary step toward any world in which the nations are to live at peace with one another." This is a belief with which most Americans are still quarrelling. Yet, as enunciated by Mr. Russell, it is by no means the terrifying and evil-breeding doctrine that the respectable Anti-Bolshevist seems to think.

What makes Mr. Russell's book so generally valuable is the succinct historical approach. This does more than provide instruction. It enables the author first of all to establish the "destructive and cruel chaos in which mankind has hitherto existed." It enables him secondly to give his readers the inspiration that underlies Socialism. What he says of Marx's Capital is true of his own summary—it "cannot but stir into fury any passionate working-class reader, and into unbearable shame any possessor of capital in whom generosity and justice are not wholly extinct." Having aroused or revived a consciousness of the reforming impulse, Mr. Russell passes from his survey of Socialism and Anarchism as they sprang from Marx and Bakunin to an admirably terse description of Syndicalism and Guild Socialism. And whatever opposition he stirs up by representing "the spirit of the sect, that bitter, narrow orthodoxy which is the bane of those who hold strongly to an unpopular creed," he ends by allaying it for most open-minded readers because of his own exceedingly temperate radicalism.

Roads to Freedom is, in effect, the confession of a creed. Mr. Russell is not a believer in State Socialism. "It is not the State, but the community, the world-wide community of all human beings present and future, that we ought to serve." Being extremely suspicious of bureaucratic State Socialism, Mr. Russell does not stop at arguing for the abolition of capitalism. He is much too practical to propose to the capitalist-reformer nothing but a dethronement of the present system. He acknowledges that Socialism is often satisfied with half-truths. He insists that, capitalism or no capitalism, "man is naturally competitive, acquisitive, and, in a greater or less degree, pugnacious." This will remain true in "any internationalism which is based upon hatred of the capitalist and adherence to the doctrine of the class war. Something more positive and constructive than this is needed if governing democracies are not to inherit the vices of governing classes in the past." Hence he drives his mind beyond the orgiastic climax of social revolution. He even tries to decide quite definitely "in what respects the world would be happier if the aims of Socialists or Syndicalists were achieved."

It is in his pellucid discussion of the desirable community, as suggested by Socialism and Anarchism, that Mr. Russell does most to dissipate an American's fears. Is an American artist greatly agitated lest the state of Socialism will take away his freedom? Freedom to Mr. Russell "is the greatest of political goods." The methods of the bureaucratic State Socialist are therefore intolerable. "In such a world all that makes life tolerable for the lover of beauty would perish. Art springs from a wild and anarchic side of human nature; between the artist and the bureaucrat there must always be a profound mutual antagonism, an age-long battle in which the artist, always outwardly worsted, wins in the end through the gratitude of mankind for the joy that he puts into their lives." But under Guild Socialism, or even Syndicalism, the "training, freedom and appreciation" required by an artist can be provided for. The road to freedom is the road of freedom, once a certain minimum of work is contributed. The problem of "work and pay" Mr. Russell considers soluble without any human slavery. "The whole system by which the world's work is done," he concludes, "might be reformed root and branch within a generation." Who would suffer? Mr. Russell does not believe that any normal being would suffer. With science to combat physical evils and education to combat "evils of character" and for "evils of power" the reform of the political and economic organization of society "in such a way as to reduce to the lowest possible point the interference of one man with the life of another," Mr. Russell is convinced that the world could be re-made. If capitalism is to be succeeded by a form of State Socialism "in which officials have enormous power," he foresees tyranny and oppression. But there are other forms of Socialism not dangerous in this essential particular. "Our discussion," he observes at the end, "has led us to the belief that the Communal ownership of land and capital, which constitutes the characteristic doctrine of Socialism and Anarchist Communism, is a necessary step toward the removal of the evils from which the world suffers at present and the creation of such a society as any humane man must wish to see realized. But, though a necessary step, Socialism alone is by no means sufficient. There are various forms of Socialism . . . The sys-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tem we have advocated is a form of Guild Socialism, leaning more, perhaps, towards Anarchism than the official Guildsman would wholly approve . . . It is by its effects outside economics and politics, at least as much as by effects inside them, that a social system should be judged. And if Socialism ever comes, it is only likely to prove beneficent if non-economic goods are valued and consciously pursued."

"If Socialism ever comes." Mr. Russell wrote that sentence nearly a year ago. Today it is important for thinking men to discuss, not Socialism but forms of Socialism. What we are asked today to denounce as an indiscriminate lump of Bolshevism is really a competition of rival Socialisms—an infinitely less expensive conflict so far than the conflict of rival nationalisms. The character of the Socialism that survives will make all the difference to the world. Which do we favor? Mr. Russell's book is a finger-post pointing in what looks like the right direction.

F. H.

Carl Sandburg

Corn-Huskers, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.30.

EVERY year in Chicago there is a time in autumn when the prairie seems to step inside the city and claim it again as her natural home. You see the fringe of her gray, immigrant shawl as it flickers in the felted lining of the poplar brush where she passes. Boys build bonfires in her honor in the empty lots. Her moods glance over the grass-plots and lawns burnished with the pale bronze and purple streaks of September turf. The fragrance of smoking leaves blows richly about her; and the drifting notes of her large-intervaled and casual songs seem to float and echo towards the blue Juniata in the flight of the last Monarch butterflies faltering southward on their wide quest destined never to be finished.

At such a time the stone and steel solidities of the city are as the knowledge of the crumbled walls of Babylon. The watcher of these alluring vanished footsteps of the dune and plain and farm-land and far-rustled corn-field belongs to the eternal ways and readings of earth; and not to the mere temporal show of buildings and councils on top of it; and is content to feel that one's life is like that of the Monarch butterflies journeying through a wide country towards a goal unattainable.

Doubtless everybody, or at least many people in American cities in autumn will have lived more or less in a mood—a vision of the immediately surrounding world—of somewhat this sort at that season. And every such person must like; and indeed one would think, must love, the charm of Corn-Huskers.

The book identifies one with the realities of the land where our fathers died; and its presence expresses by a hundred quiet intimations that sense of our nearness to the new, open roads of pioneers and settlers which is one of the deepest beauties of our national consciousness. This at least is what the pages of Corn-Huskers express for me, in their connotations and over-tones, as well as in the overt moments when the Prairie says:

> "I am here when the cities are gone.
> I am here before the cities come.
> I nourished the lonely men on horses."

and

> "Here the water went down, the icebergs slid with gravel, the gaps and the valleys hissed, and the black loam came, and the yellow sandy loam.
> Here between the sheds of the Rocky Mountains and the Appalachians, here now a morning star fixes a fire sign over the timber claims and cow pastures, the corn belt, the cotton belt, the cattle ranches.
> Here the gray geese go five hundred miles and back with a wind under their wings honking the cry for a new home."

Perhaps in the interest of truthfulness I ought to say that under any circumstances of its art or ethics I like any book that tells about water-sheds, timber claims, icebergs, corn-belts or cotton-belts or wild geese. It sometimes seems as though in describing a book, the fairest truth about it is reached by a mere veracious chronicle of taste; and to that opinion I will add that while I enjoy reading almost anything about these delightful subjects, or about Kit Carson, Beowulf, Brunhilde, Montezuma or the Inca Viracocha, I weary of reading almost any account of our old friend, the standard Caveman. This, I believe, is because he is never individually ascertained. He is a set piece, a manufactured article. As soon as an author begins to talk about this familiar figure's red-bloodedness, you know all the rest he is about to say. Your impulse of curiosity is deadened. You drop into that species of coma in which you listen to the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. This is my feeling during the portion of the poem called Wilderness about

> "O, I got a zoo, I got a menagerie, inside my ribs, under my bony head, under my red-valve heart—and I got something else; it is a man-child heart, a woman-child heart; it is a father and mother and lover: it came from God-Knows-Where: it is going to God-Knows-Where—For I am the keeper of the zoo: I say yes and no: I sing and kill and work: I am a pal of the world: I came from the wilderness."

Outside such a passage as this, the philosophy of the book is freshly interesting. It is especially interesting in its conception of history as a movement not of leaders but of peoples—"Always the Mob" and other poems. Mr. Sandburg has a distinguished power in speaking for the mute, in expressing the ways of the inarticulate among human beings—working children, migratory laborers, lumberjacks, threshing crews. Brief and graphic, ironic without the cheaper handling of sarcasm, the draughtsmanship of many of his sketches is inimitable. Stephen Crane is our only artist who has done anything of like keenness in this peculiar method. But Mr. Sandburg has in his clear sense of the unheard melodies, in the wide run of the hours of dumb multitudes, a range all his own.

PSALM OF THOSE WHO GO FORTH BEFORE DAYLIGHT

> The policeman buys shoes slow and careful; the teamster buys gloves slow and careful; they take care of their feet and hands; they live on their feet and hands.
>
> The milkman never argues; he works alone and no one speaks to him; the city is asleep when he is on his job; he puts a bottle on six hundred porches and calls it a day's work; he climbs two hundred wooden stairways; two horses are company for him; he never argues.

"But," someone will say, "Do you call this a poem?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes—if one means the expression of a large sense of life. But its music of course is a prose music; and for that reason the writer has, as I think, wisely, printed it as prose. With notable exceptions it must however be said that in general the contributions printed as poetry, while exhibiting certain gifts in the varied art of the musical composition of words are deficient in others. Admirably spaced and endowed with the faculty of ample movement, the poems in most instances lack that ability to speak the universal language of the like and unlike sounds of words, that subtle communicative power of telling a mute story by syllabic melody and intonation which is the special freedom of poetry.

When Mr. Sandburg says, in A Tall Man,

> "The blood in his right wrist and the blood in his left wrist run with the right wrist wisdom of the many and the left wrist wisdom of the many,"

he seems the victim of a species of illusion to the effect that he has used no rhymes. He seems unconscious that this thick-worded and obscure jingle has two or three times as many rhymes and assonances as for instance Swinburne's

> "Before the beginning of years
> There came to the making of man
> Time with a gift of tears
> Grief with a glass that ran—"

You cannot help feeling here, as you do about numbers of other free verse writers that unless they see like syllables placed at the ends of lines they don't know with any certainty when they use them.

The writers of polyphonic prose, however, as I have read it, are in far more trouble in this respect; and appear not to be able to detect like sounds in their own compositions except by repeating them with a rapid, insistent monotony at irregular intervals with an effect to my ear as of piano-tuning—an odd, unaesthetic utilitarian effect which I have indeed enjoyed, but only in my own random way, and not from the magnificent impression intended. Cornhuskers, however, fortunately for one of its audience at least, deliberately casts aside the polyphonic prose assumptions so bewildering to a reader for whom, on an earth where there is nothing to wear but clothes, nothing to eat but food, there is also nothing to read but prose and poetry—a reader to whom they cry polyphonic prose! polyphonic prose! and there is no polyphonic prose; and for whom the tremendous changes it has made in the art of expression have remained inaudible except for the minor pleasure I have mentioned.

In this obscure island of individual taste I can find a major pleasure in the music of The Four Brothers a great poem that pours and swings its way along with a full liberation of thought and word to the simplicity of its close where

> "Under the chimneys of the winter-time the children of the world shall sing new songs."

This has the energy of a Saga, the free grace of a fairy-tale and a directness and common wisdom that give it the treasure of the humble. That is a treasure much to seek in contemporary verse. Almost none of it is written by authors who seem to know enough not to appear condescending. But here is a book with too deep and sincere a sense of life for that—one in whose hospitality you can look out quietly and thoughtfully for long at the plain ways of our civilization "making ready for a new thousand years."

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

An Employer Speaks

Some Problems of Modern Industry, by W. L. Hichens. London: Nisbet & Co. 6d.

MR. HICHENS is the head of one of the greatest of English industrial enterprises; and his title to be heard upon the problems before us is clearly a good one. It is obvious that his thinking has been profoundly affected by the experience of the last four years; and, generally speaking, it is not improbable that his attitude is typical of the more liberal English employers. It is a matter of no small interest to have a categorical repudiation of the classic political economy by an eminent man of business; and the corollary elevation of Ruskin's thesis of social service as the guiding principle of industrialism is hardly less significant. But these, after all, are phrases; the thing of real importance is the frame of mind that lies behind them. Here Mr. Hichens appears as a conservative opportunist who realizes that he is a witness of a changed world. He sees that the old conditions have been submitted to the pressure of a revolution. He understands that henceforth he must travel along a new road. His very interesting lecture is a survey of the region he sees ahead.

Capital, he submits, is not entitled to anything more than a fair rate of interest upon its outlay; the return in excess of that standard is, at least in part, the rightful possession of what Mr. Hichens terms the state. But, exactly in the same fashion, labor has no right to corner the commodity it controls. Beyond both capital and labor there is the superior interest of the community at large. Wages ought, therefore, in his view, to be fixed by joint industrial boards upon which both parties are represented; and in the event of disagreement the state, as the supreme representative of the community, should have the right of intervention. Labor rightly requires a higher status than of old; and in such matters as wages, hours and apprenticeship, it has a clear title to its demand. In business management, Mr. Hichens believes that the problem is different; and he seems to urge that organization in this matter should reflect the personality of its directors. In particular, he does not believe that the right of dismissal can be surrendered. Strikes he regards as manifestations of unhealthy symptoms, and their excision a matter of supreme importance. He is anxious for an increase of output; though he honorably recognizes the necessities which led to the old system of restrictions. Shorter hours of labor he regards as the corollary of citizenship; and he is anxious for the unification of all governmental activities connected with labor in order to prevent the irritations caused by diverse standards and contradictory policies.

Every system of beliefs must be judged by the end it is intended to serve; and since we have no clue herein to Mr. Hichen's teleology it is safest simply to indicate the difficulties to which his conclusions give rise. What does he mean by the state which he acknowledges as the supreme communal representative? In sober fact, as social institutions work, it is no more than a grandiloquent term for government. But the officials of that government are, in large part, drawn exactly from those classes who, as Mill remarked some sixty years since, are simply incapable of entering into the minds of the workers. Anyone who has read with care the Canadian reports dealing with the industrial disputes investigation act, cannot fail to observe the fallacy concealed in the idea of an impartial chairman. The prevention of disputes by such a state in the name of society is legitimate if Mr. Hichens will admit that it is,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in liberal fact, simply a means taken by the employers against a revolution in industrial control. His own bias here is revealed in his contention that democratic methods are not necessarily applicable to all forms of industrial organization. That well may be, but until they have been tried there is no ground for the retention of autocratic methods. Nor is it easy to sympathize with the right of dismissal. In slack times, or where there is patent inefficiency, it is easy to understand the convenience of such unrestricted rule; but there is the ever-present possibility that the real motive for its retention is the desire to get rid of the active trade-unionist. The strike, as in the case where a stupid foreman causes disruption, may often be, as Mr. Hichens urges, both needless and wasteful; but it is difficult to see, to take a striking and recent example, how the Metropolitan police could have secured by other means the recognition of their union. The failure of Mr. Hichens to consider possibilities of such kind suggests that his main interest is rather the avoidance of dispute than the frank search for a new equilibrium.

And it is the latter, surely, that has become essential. It is the supreme mistake of the business man to have worked with a psychology that is too narrow for the impulses called into play by industry. He specialized upon the side of profit; and he tended to regard as evil all that might result in a diminution of profit. As a consequence, his attention has been mainly concentrated, in his relations with labor, upon wages on the one hand and hours upon the other. He has failed to see that experience of political democracy has developed in the worker an eagerness for a share in industrial control which he has no means at his disposal to satisfy. The only institution that has specialized upon this side is the trade-union; and at a time when the main industrial problem is that of democratization of the industrial process, the negligence of the employer leaves the trade-union the field. There is, to be sure, such a system of joint control as is implied in the Whitley Report. But unless a deliberate manipulation of that system takes place its operation will only train the worker in exactly the process which will one day fit him for the control of industry as a whole. And the Whitley Report is the beginning only of an evolution. It concerns itself only with trades nationally regarded. The whole lesson of trade-union experience in this war, as the shop-steward movement shows, is that a merely national division of authority is not adequate. The units of power must be far smaller, must be based upon the factory and the district, if they are to work. The trade-union leader of the old type, who marshalled his men from the central office, and called off a strike by his personal fiat, is dead. New institutions have still to be evolved for needs that are very different.

That none of us knows, any better than Mr. Hichens, what the new equilibrium is to be, does not alter the fact of its importance. It is quite possible that our expectations of an eventual industrial democracy will be disappointed and that we shall see the union of skilled labor and the employer against the countless masses of the unskilled. It is more than probable that a vast extension of state-credit will give to government such immense power as to make us almost inert instruments in the hands of a powerful bureaucracy dominated by a small group of financiers. Certainly it must be constantly insisted that it is only when the external obstacles to democratic government have been removed that the real conflict will begin. The National Union of Manufacturers will stand four-square against the assaults of German militarism; but we have still to see its attitude in face of labor's after-war claim to industrial sovereignty. Nothing but a clear avowal of what kind of an equilibrium Mr. Hichens has in mind can enable us to judge his proposals with adequacy. Every ideal of social service sounds admirable; but it makes all the difference in the world whether its proponent is William Morris or that substitute for justice, the Charity Organization Society.

H. J. L.

Family Jewels cost 3 Millions

Delineator families buy $11,160 worth of jewelry every day. It is evident they spend vastly more than this $3,481,957 a year for food, clothes, and home comforts before they think of personal adornment. Do you make anything that the four and a half million members of Delineator families need—or want? You can enter their front doors through the pages of

The **Delineator**

The Magazine In One Million Homes

The Brontë Centenary

Charlotte Brontë, 1816—1916, a centenary memorial prepared by the Brontë Society, edited by Butler Wood, F. R. S. L. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

AS a memorial volume this will doubtless rank very high. There is no Lycidas in it, but there is some pleasant critical reading, and much information. One wonders why the information and criticism is centred on Charlotte, and why the Brontë Society should confine itself to her centenary, forgetting that of her sister Emily. There are respectable critics who hold Emily to have been the greater of the two. Certainly she is not negligible. Her single novel out-passions all Thackeray and Dickens; it excels Charlotte's three at every point of comparison. To be sure little is known about her, and her more secluded life offers a small field for investigation. The less reason, it would seem, why she should not have been included here, unless another book is planned to her memory.

There are thirteen papers and addresses, new and old. Mrs. Ward, whose address is placed first, makes a delib-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Political Scene

By Walter Lippmann

An Essay on the Victory of 1918. With matter not included in The New Republic Supplement.
(Next week $1.00 net.)

Out and About London

By Thomas Burke

The author of "*Limehouse Nights*," and "*Nights in London*" again takes up the challenge of "the seven hundred square miles of London."
($1.40 net.)

The New Era in American Poetry

By Louis Untermeyer

An appraisal and summary of the leading "movements" and figures since Whitman. *($2.25 net.)*

Proposed Roads to Freedom

By Bertrand Russell

An historical analysis and criticism of Socialism, Anarchism and Syndicalism. *($1.50 net.)*

Poems About God

By John Crowe Ransom

A striking volume of honest originality.
($1.25 net.)

HENRY HOLT & CO., 19 W. 44th St. NEW YORK

Just Ready

THE SOCIETY OF NATIONS

Its Past, Present and Possible Future

By T. J. LAWRENCE, LL.D., J. P.

Traces the growth of the Society of Nations from its origin to the present, indicating some solutions to present world problems. The author was formerly professor of international law at the University of Chicago and has written a number of books on international law, which are widely used in colleges.

CONTENTS:—The Origin of International Society—The Growth of International Society—International Society in July, 1914—The Partial Overthrow of International Law—Conditions of Reconstruction—Rebuilding of International Society.

205 Pages. Net $1.50

"An excellent history of international law and its related subjects for the general reader who wishes to inform himself as to the historical background of a League of Nations."—*New York Sun.*

A REPUBLIC OF NATIONS

By RALEIGH C. MINOR

349 Pages. Net $2.50

Provides a definite programme for the formation of a League of Nations based on the Constitution of the United States.

"A convincing and practical presentation of a plan which will be of the utmost interest to all thoughtful readers."—*The Independent.*

At all Booksellers or from the Publishers

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
AMERICAN BRANCH
35 WEST THIRTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK

6 MONTHS FOR $1.00

Send $1.00 for six once-a-month Reconstruction numbers of The Survey 114 East 19th Street, New York

RECONSTRUCTION NUMBER *for* APRIL

The January and February *Reconstruction Numbers* of THE SURVEY have long since been exhausted. The March number is out of stock. The April number is in press this week.

Each of these special once-a-month *Reconstruction Numbers* of THE SURVEY is a budget of original articles by special engineers at home and abroad; digests of books, government reports, pamphlets fugitive documents.

A time-saver of today; a prospectus of tomorrow.

With charts, maps, photographs and practical helpfulness to those who are shouldering the loads in their professions, industries, communities, these once-a-month *Reconstruction Numbers* of THE SURVEY are a graphic human foil to the stimulating editorial pages of the New Republic.

They may be obtained at little extra cost by a special, once-a-month subscription, offered to the readers of the New Republic.

Staff Articles in the April number:

From Shop-Committees to Empire: Arthur Gleason.

Sir Robert Horne, Minister of Labor, has stated that the hope of the British Government lies in the Whitley idea—shop committees, works committees, district councils, joint standing national councils in a given industry—and finally the great Parliament of Employers and Workers, called together by the British Government to help face the transition from war to peace. How they set to work.

The Strike at Lawrence: John A. Fitch.

What is the truth between the newspaper headlines? When Mr. Fitch presented his keen analysis of the great Colorado strike situation, we had letters that made all the sure-footed, painstaking, fact-gathering that had gone into his findings seem worth while. They were from court officials, educators, officers of militia, mine superintendents, strike leaders. And they said that his account rang true to the facts.

Unscrambling the United States: Edward T. Devine.

Mobilizing men and material for the army and the war industries was a big job. Demobilizing them is tremendously more difficult—and at the crisis the system of Employment Exchanges built up by the Department of Labor goes by the board. The only compensation is that in creating a permanent system the new Congress can start in at the bottom, avoid old mistakes and build on strength. The war time experience analyzed in an 11 page review which gets down to hard pan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erate statement of her preference. "Which was the greater, she or Emily? To my mind, Emily, by far." And here the matter drops. Mrs. Ward's main contribution to the discussion is an exposition of her kinship with the Brontës and with Matthew Arnold, and a revelation of the fact that Charlotte's publisher was also her own. Edmund Gosse suggests that the admiration for Charlotte has passed legitimate bounds—that she was after all only human, and Gilbert Chesterton writes six pages of inverted and balanced emptiness on Charlotte as a Romantic. Arthur Benson contributes a brief, pointed biography. The centenary address given at Haworth by the Right Rev. Bishop Welldon spreads the whole subject so thick with theology that we seem to be contemplating another holy family.

A study called Charlotte Brontë in Brussels ingeniously unravels the topography of the city of Villette, applying to the third novel the kind of criticism that has so long gathered around Elizabethan plays. The Brontë Society and Its Work is frankly and a little laughably propaganda. We learn from it that there is a Brontë museum, and that the society that publishes this volume has celebrated its twenty-first birthday—that moreover only one other literary association, the Chaucer Society, has ever attained in England an equal age. Doubtless this paper, with its lists of names and local allusions, is the heart of the volume to the editor. And if it were reducible to any law of chance or sociology it would be worth considering why these two lonely and adventureless girls should have compelled an interest so objective, attaining results so concrete. Dr. Richard Garnett, C. B., would explain it by the fact that they introduced passion into nineteenth century novels.

Professor Vaughn compares them, but not invidiously, and gives to Emily a part of her due, in a well stated and readable analysis. Sir Sidney Lee dissects with minuteness the detail of Charlotte's few brief visits to London. J. K. Bowden introduces a more modern mood and style into his fugue of many voices, asking, for instance, whether the Brontë novels would be accepted now for publication, and answering in the negative, with the single doubtful exception of Wuthering Heights. His light, journalistic touch reminds us that we have been talking with pundits. There is but one piece of fine writing, the Spirit of the Moors, an address delivered to the Society by Halliwell Sutcliffe in 1902. It is something more than fine writing, too, and a good deal better; it is sometimes fresh and moving poetry, and then again one finds its oratorical form objectionable. Fittingly enough the book closes with a Brontë itinerary by the editor, covering the English scenes of the novels with maps and descriptions. If we are to have memorial volumes we must have literary societies, and if we have literary societies we must have shrines and pilgrimages. It is likely to make us forget that back of all this were two very human daughters of a clergyman, not at all saintly, to whom we shall never get closer by whatever amount of map-study and traveling, and four excellent novels which we might still read if we were not too busy reading about them.

M. A.

Contributors

WILLIAM HARD, a regular contributor to the New Republic.
A. K. HOBWILL is a pseudonym.
ALICE DUER MILLER, author of Are Women People? etc.
H. M. KALLEN, author of The Structure of Lasting Peace, former instructor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.
H. G. WELLS.

New Borzoi Books of especial interest to *New Republic* readers

CAESAR OR NOTHING
Pio Baroja

"His novels are more distinctively Spanish, more finely individualized and inspired than the work of any of the better known writers . . . the most important of modern Spanish novelists. . . . A powerful book. One would like to quote at length from its many brilliant incidental passages, but must leave the reader to find them."—*N. Y. Evening Sun.* *$1.75 net.*

THE CABIN
Ibañez

This novel by the author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* is undoubtedly his greatest work of art. "A story that seems to write itself. It is as simple and as perfect as the best stories of the Russians, a vivid picture of Spanish life, glowing, and intensely human."—*Boston Transcript.* *$1.75 net.*

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE
H. L. Mencken

A "Preliminary Inquiry into the development of English in the United States." "Interesting and useful; a book to be taken seriously; well planned, well proportioned, well documented and well written."—BRANDER MATTHEWS in the *New York Times.* 400 pages, with full indices and word lists. A limited edition of 1,500 numbered copies only has been printed. *$4.00 net.*

YVETTE
De Maupassant

A novelette and ten of De Maupassant's best short stories, translated really beautifully by Mrs. John Galsworthy. With an introduction by Joseph Conrad, making this altogether a unique volume. *$1.60 net.*

PALESTINE
A. M. Hyamson

An objective history of Palestine and the relation of the Jews to it from the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. to the outbreak of the war in 1914. New revised edition with 16 illustrations and map. *$2.50 net.*

JAVA HEAD
Joseph Hergesheimer

One of the real literary and popular successes of the season. "The analogy of his work to that of Conrad is the closest of any living writer; but nowhere does the American reveal himself as an imitator of the Polish-Englishman. . . . 'Java Head' is a splendid achievement in fiction."—*Chicago Tribune.* *$1.75 net.*

THE PELICANS
E. M. Delafield

"The solid accomplishment of Miss Delafield's three novels establishes her as a figure of actual literary importance. ZELLA SEES HERSELF, THE WAR WORKERS and THE PELICANS offer to honest and intelligent people an enjoyment of what are recognized as really high traits of creative literature together with a pervading amusement and lively interest sustained from paragraph to paragraph and from novel to novel. Miss Delafield is a valuable addition to the number of writers, always small, whose books ornament equally the drawing table and the preference of undisturbed private hours."—*Joseph Hergesheimer.* *$1.75 net.*

Also by Miss Delafield:

THE WAR WORKERS

"Full of a keen and spirited humor, an amusing and delightful novel by a writer of rare skill and discernment."—*New York Times.* *$1.60 net.*

ZELLA SEES HERSELF

"A witty, artistic and intensely interesting study of a self-centered girl. Miss Delafield has done so excellent a piece of writing that the critical reader will find an unqualified treat in her pages."—*Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.* *$1.60 net.*

All of these books are on sale at your bookseller's. Write to the publisher for the Spring 1919 Catalog of Borzoi Books.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BALDWIN SCHOOL

A Country School for Girls

BRYN MAWR, PENNA.

Preparation for Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Smith, Vassar and Wellesley colleges. Also strong general course. Within 25 years 266 students have entered Bryn Mawr College. Fireproof stone building. Abundant outdoor life and athletics.

Elizabeth Forrest Johnson, A.B., Head of the School

Miss Howe and Miss Marot's School

A country boarding school for girls. College preparation, advanced academic and vocational courses. Horseback riding, field games and winter sports. Separate cottage for Junior department.

Send for Booklet

MARY LOUISE MAROT, Principal Thompson, Conn.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 48 Quincy Street.

New-Church Theological School

Est. 1866. Three years' course. College preparation desired. The curriculum includes systematic study of the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg and spiritual interpretation of the Scriptures. Correspondence courses. Catalog.

WILLIAM L. WORCESTER, President.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST. 10c. a copy; dollar a year. 622 Audubon Building, New Orleans, La.

THE COMING CRISIS!

HOW SHALL WE MEET IT?

There can be no remedy without a true, searching diagnosis.

The causes of our vital problems of today and a feasible, fundamental remedy—are clearly and forcibly set forth in

"THE LAW OF STRUGGLE"

By Hyman Segal

Cloth, Postpaid—$1.50

MASSADA PUBLISHING CO.

73 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Dodson Blue-Bird House

4 compartments, 21 in. high, 18 in. in diameter.

Price $5

The Birds Are Coming —Heralds of Spring!

Like a flash of sunshine the first courageous little bluebird arrives; others appear: radiating happiness and presaging glorious Spring days to follow. Spring will disappear, but you can keep these little feathered friends if you properly welcome and prepare for their comfort.

Dodson Bird Houses

will bring them and keep them all summer. These houses, scientifically built by a bird lover, whose knowledge and understanding of birds is unlimited, offer sheltered, inviting homes for the little songsters. Dodson Bird Houses are an investment, paying invaluable dividends—protection of crops and shrubs from insects, and assurance of a cheery, artistic environment.

Order Now—let the houses weather, blending into the foliage and assuming an appearance of habitation. Free Bird Book sent on request, illustrating Dodson line, giving prices; also beautiful bird picture free.

Joseph H. Dodson *Pres. American Audubon Association* **771 Harrison Ave., Kankakee, Ill.**

Dodson Sparrow Trap guaranteed to rid your community of these noisy quarrelsome pests. Price $7.50.

8

Karl Marx: The Man and His Work

and

The Constructive Elements of Socialism

By Karl Dannenberg

Presents in concise form the evolution of Socialist thought and its constructive elements.

130 pages 30 cents (35 cents postpaid)

The Revolution in Germany

A Study including separate Essays entitled

That Dictatorship of the Proletariat

and

Revolutionary Socialism and the Constituent Assembly in Germany

By Karl Dannenberg

82 pages 10 cents (12 cents postpaid)

$6.50 in lots of 100

The Radical Review Publishing Association

202 East Seventeenth Street New York

The Cambridge School of
DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE
and
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE
FOR WOMEN

The Brattle Building Harvard Square
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Society of Independent Artists

3rd ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Closes April 14th

AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

34th Street and Fifth Avenue

Open Daily and Evening

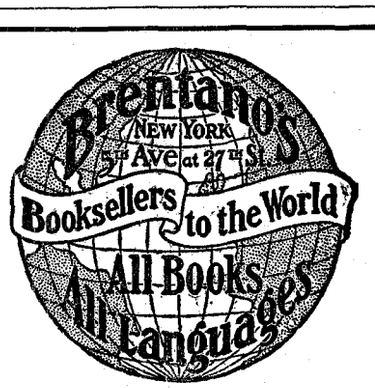
OLD CHELSEA

at 51 West 16th Street

New York City

A living place for discriminating people

Under Personal Management of Miss Colestock



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW REPUBLIC, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1919.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared ROBERT HALLOWELL, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of: *Post Office Address:*

Publisher, THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

Editor, HERBERT CROLY, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor, HERBERT CROLY, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

Business Manager, ROBERT HALLOWELL, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are:

THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock:

DOROTHY STRAIGHT, Old Westbury, L. I., N. Y.

HERBERT CROLY, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.
FELIX FRANKFURTER, Cambridge, Mass.
DOROTHY STRAIGHT, Old Westbury, L. I., N. Y.
} Trustees for the following:

HERBERT CROLY, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

FRANCIS HACKETT, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

ROBERT HALLOWELL, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

WALTER LIPPMANN, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

PHILIP LITTELL, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLOTTE RUDYARD, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

WALTER E. WEYL, 421 W. 21st St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: *None.*

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ROBERT HALLOWELL,
Signature of Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1919.

JAMES P. EADIE, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1920.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED